

白魔の王

Lord
of the
Mistifs



葵大和
ill. まろ

Lord of the Hundred Demons

– Hyaku Ma No Aruji –

**- Volume 1 -
Prelude – Act 1**

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- STORY -

Merea was summoned to a place called "Sacred Mountain of Lindholm" where spirits gather upon their death. He was called upon using an Otherworldly Grass which found its way to his world. The reason for summoning him was to dispel the lingering attachment and/or regrets of a group of heroic spirits from another world.

Brought up as a hero to dispel regrets, the era of the world made him into a demon lord instead.

【PROLOGUE】

HEROIC SPIRITS AND DEMON LORDS

Chapter 1

A very beautiful otherworldly flower

His remaining days are now over.

Swaying it's body, the one the grim reaper came to meet was on a pure white hospital room and was glancing on the sky as if in a daze.

That day, because his condition improved, he was permitted to head out once more as if it was merely his last consideration.

Glancing on the limp hands he would've never imagined was his own before, he once again took a walk on the hospital.

At first there was lingering attachments but once you fully prepared yourself to death everything feels helpless.

As times goes by, you will eventually surrender them.

– I guess that's life.

I'm also a bit interested as to what is there after death.

That's why the last stroll that they permitted me wasn't really that depressing.

So after taking a stroll around the hospital grounds, I decided to go back to my room.

Suddenly, it was around that time.

On my way back, on the corner of the lawn where plants grow, there was tall tree that calmly stood erected.

Below that tree, a purple plant that I have never seen before has suddenly sprouted its head.

— Just what kind of plant was that?

I, who couldn't even probably move anymore and only had little vitality remaining, thought that it would be good to know a little more about this world. Even in my memories as someone who've carefully read animal and plant reference books in the past, have no recollection of any information regarding that plant.

Though it might simply just that I didn't know about it, because I just can't help but become curious over that plant, I asked the nurse attendant to take it back to my room.

The young nurse said "Which one is it?" and inclined her head, the me who became a bother, scooped it up and placed it in a suitable jar packed with soil.

After that, I spent my quiet days watching over the plant who grew fast in contrast to me who was about to die.



It's been five days since then.

— The grim reaper stood before the hospital room.

It was a grim reaper with a beautiful face.

[Are you done, yet?]

With a soft smile, the grim reaper asked.
Coming to my side himself, this grim reaper is quite dutiful.

"I'm already fine."

The grim reaper himself was not someone that would wait and wait forever, but honestly, I have a bit of regret.

If only at the very least, I could see the flower of that plant bloom.....

That frail purple plant that was seemingly about to bloom, has begun to sprout flower buds.

I took the trouble of picking it up, because it was a plant that I grew, even on my last moments, I wanted to see it bloom its flower.

[Don't worry. That flower will bloom right now. Just a little more, in about 10 seconds.]

As if being able to see through my mind, the grim reaper said those words with a smile in his face.

Before I noticed, the grim reaper was already walking next to me.
He really had a lovely face, it was a seemingly genderless beautiful appearance.

Coming towards the jar, the grim reaper stretched out his hands.

[When the flower blooms, it would be the start of your departure.]

The grim reaper caressed the flower buds seemingly filled with affection.
Afterwards, glancing towards my direction, the grim reaper emitted a smile in the same manner.

"I see. As long as I could see its flower, that's fine with me."

[Well then, let's watch over the plant together and wait.]

Then after that, only silence filled the room.

The needle of the clock quietly declared the time.

In the middle of that, while the body that was heavy have slowly began to feel light, as the dazzling sunlight entered the corner of my eye sight, — finally that time has arrived.

The flower buds began to shake and sway.
Will the flower bloom or will it not? Even my worries have began to sway and fro.

— Go

— Finally, show me your flowers.

And then,

The Flowers—

“—bloomed.”

It was very beautiful, and gave of a faint light—

Really... how beautiful—

—

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Chapter 2

Come Forth, Child of Heroic Spirits

<Sacred Mountain of Lindholm>.

It was the holy mountain that every living thing will meet upon their death.

The destination of those spirits who arrived on the sacred mountain will change depending on the magnitude of their regrets, some will ascend to the heaven, some will have to wait on its foot waiting for “something” to dispel their regrets.

— The festive place of the waiting spirits.

And at the peak of that holy mountain of Lindholm, was a place were particularly strong ones among those spirits riddled with regrets gather.



“I found an otherworldly flower.”

“Seriously? Things went smoothly huh?”

“The truth is, you just couldn’t admit that you weren’t able to successfully have someone cross over those spirits right?”

“There’s also that but the fact that this otherworldly plant has connected to another one from a separate world is already a miracle in itself already right?”

On that place, countless voice emanated.

On the rough summit filled with stone.

Fierce wind blown and scattered about on the wreckage of snow.

On that space painted with white and gray, spirits with transparent body—

“Though we’re a spirit, having a hundred gather in a place is a suffocating. Distance yourselves a bit from me.”

“Don’t say that. Everyone is interested you know? After all our child will be born.”

—Numbered to a hundred.

In the middle of the spirit that gathered, there was only one existence with a body.

Lying on the ground with his face upwards, his white hair fluttered with the wind.

However, it doesn't move an inch. It was as if it didn't have life in it.

"Though in some way, we can make a body within the substance of our souls, there's no proper contents inside of it. Even worse than a corpse. It's only a doll."

"The child who will clear away our regrets. This body was made of the sum of our souls. Though there's no mistake that it's brimming with potential, if the one inside is good-for-nothing, I'd be troubled."

"Greedy will ruin you. — though we're already ruined."

"I'm not being greedy. Whether it has a talent or not doesn't matter, I won't complain as long as the soul has a strong, noble spirit to not despair from isolation or rough times."

"That itself is being greedy though. But firstly, will it come or not. We can't entrap a soul in this world after all. The ascending ones are swallowed by the "Heavenly sea of the souls" and those who remain are only broken ones."

"We are not an exception. Therefore, for us to clear away our regrets, we must call upon a proper otherworldly soul."

"That's right. Anyhow, as Tyrant said, will it properly cross over? The <mana> that the otherworldly grass emitted in its roots have certainly crossed worlds. The roots that crossed the world have indeed successfully connected on the opposite one. When its flower blooms the gate will open."

"Though everything was left to miracles, everything went well huh? — Really, I never saw an otherworldly plant even during the time I was alive. I thought it was merely a fairy tale."

"Everyone's like that. Even I, it's my first time, or rather, for an otherworldly grass to cross worlds, I'm sure everyone would be the same."

Numerous voice emanated.

A voice of a man, a voice of a woman.

For some reason, all of them were seemingly excited.

“It’s about time for the other world’s flower to bloom. As for where it leads to, I will confirm by following the trail of the mana.”

“Be careful. If your soul was trapped in the interval of the worlds, everything will ended up as a failure.”

“Properly guide him okay? The soul of our son.”

“Leave it to me. We made it this far and I wouldn’t make a blunder.”

He was one of the spirits.

The man with a tall and lean figure and had a gender less beautiful face, softly bowed his head.

Immediately after that, the body of that man disappeared as if it flowed with the wind.

The other spirits could only watch the man’s body dissipate with a face filled with belief.

In the midst of them, someone uttered a wish.

“Please come, child of great spirits.”

Those words dissolved into the sky and was carried by the wind.

Chapter 3

Merea/Mea

Upon being guided by the grim reaper, my body soared to the sky.

The reason why I knew that it was in fact my soul that was flying was because I saw my former body bellow.

–It had a warm smile on its face, my body.

Or the body that used to be mine.

[From now on, you will embark on a journey to my world.]

World.

Because it was the grim reaper who said so, was it a spirit world or something like that?.

[The otherworldly plant that we sent bloomed at the end of your life. Surely, it was also the will of the otherworldly plant for your soul to cross worlds.]

[Otherworldly plant?]

[Yes, an otherworldly plant. Connecting different worlds together, it was a peculiar plant.]

Upon the signal of the hand of the grim reaper, we ascended towards the sky.

Though I tilted my head in confusion, other than the gentle smile of the grim reaper, I was given no explanation.

[You will understand upon arriving there. The meaning behind my words. A proper

explanation will be made once we crossed to the opposite side, so for now focus on holding my hand.]

[–Un, I understand.]

With that said to me, I obediently held the grim reaper’s hands tightly.

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Crossing worlds.

Overcoming the boundary of worlds.

I have a feeling that I heard the voice of time.

With that in mind — my consciousness faded.

And after that, as to where we went, or where we headed and where we arrived, I can’t properly remember.

However, the sensation of the strange warmth of the grim reapers’ hand, even though having my consciousness fading, had still remained.

—

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◇ ◇ ◇

“—”

“—a”

“—rea”

With the vivid sound slowly entering his ears, finally the man regained consciousness.

“Have you woken up, <Merea> ?”

The man even with opening his eyes, still had no conviction in him.

Or to be precise he still had no conviction on the place where he was in.

The fact that sounds entered his ears was certain.

Even the sensation of his body was there.

However,

— as for the hands of the grim reaper a while ago...

His memories of being pulled into a hollow space by the grim reaper's hands were faint, it felt as if that hollowed space interfered with his body's cognition.

"It's indeed the spirit of Merea."

"a..."

Suddenly a lone face entered in his field of vision.

—It was the face of the grim reaper.

At that moment, he finally understood where he was.

"Good morning, Merea."

"Me... rea?"

"Yes, that is your name. Way before you even crossed worlds, we have decided to name you as such."

The grim reaper saying "Come take a look" waving his hand and guided his sight, and moving in accordance with it.

He saw a numerous spirits around him.

The substance of their body was thin.

It was transparent.

“This might really be a spirit world” even with that yet to enter his mind, he had already decided in my mind that they are spirits.

“What... is...”

“It’s alright, calm down, Merea. You are alive. You have only crossed worlds. After your soul left your former body from the opposite world, we have called you upon to this world. In you vocabulary, you have reincarnated.”

Reincarnated.

The man whom once wondered what would be after death, at that moment finally understood.

The second body that he was transferred into, for the first time has regained consciousness.



The man — Merea, who was being watched over by the spirits for the time being, was in a daze and had his consciousness drifting.

After that, he finally gained awareness of his new body.

In comparison to his new body, his former one seemed bigger.

And thinking about it, it felt like it was like the size of a boy.

But even for a boy, it was small.

Or rather, in comparable to those age that could be called a “boy”, it felt much younger.

He stood up.

With his line of sight being higher, his field of vision was still lower than the surrounding spirits.

“This body is –”

“That body was modeled upon the fragments of our soul. Well a body of a baby wouldn’t be able to stand the harsh environment of the holy mountain after all. Though with that said, a body of a five year old isn’t any different so do not push yourself.”

“Aren’t you a grim reaper?”

“Me?”

Suddenly, Merea glanced upon the face of the grim reaper who brought him to this place.

A genderless beautiful face, with a demeanor that had a gentle atmosphere.

However, even his body was transparent.

He was more like a spirit.

“I’m a being whom had lived around roughly one hundred years ago. <Flounder Crow> is what they call me. An existence within a worn out hero.”

“A hero? of a previous hundred years ago?”

Merea couldn’t immediately understand the words of Flounder.

“Yes, it was a very old story of the past. I have already died a long time ago. The ‘me’ now was a spirit residing in this Sacred Mountain, Lindholm to dispel my regrets, such a vague existence.”

“Isn’t this place the spirit world or something?”

“You’re wrong. The world you said was different from this one. Speaking about it from your soul, saying that this is a parallel world is more proper.”

“– A parallel world.”

(TN: Parallel world fits better for “Isekai”)

Merea muttered taking a glance on his both hands.

“All of us called you here for the purpose of clearing away our regrets.”

Though Merea began to understand the words of Flounder due to his reasoning way of speaking. His head filled with surfacing questions did not become any clearer.

“Why? Why— me?”

All of those questions were summarized into those words.

“It was due to you raising the otherworldly plant that you found. The person who will cross the otherworldly plant was the one selected. — Well for us it was something like a legend though. However believing that, that purple vegetation growing here, and the other one blooming its flower to you, was due to its own choice.”

“That purple vegetation...”

Blooming a beautiful flower on the last moment, that vegetation.

That was a flower that came to meet my soul.

“That’s right. That purple vegetation connected this world and the world you resided in. I only guided you so that you wouldn’t lose your way.”

“Am I, really alive?”

“Alive indeed, different to the hundred spirits that reside here, you are surely alive. Compared to our souls who only wandered about, upon dying with regrets, your soul is brimming with life.”

“I should’ve died...”

“Only on the world you came from. Your [vessel] had only used up its life essence. However, it’s not as if your soul has died.”

“Is that... how is it?”

“Indeed, it is so.”

Merea began to survey around his surroundings.

Doing so, as if not being able to hold itself any longer, another spirit has appeared on his sight and began speaking.

“Oi, don’t be too sloppy and gloomy, you’re alive you know? Hearing your conversations, you have experienced death on the vessel of the other world. Then you should be happy that you are alive! Having a body is amazing you know! After all you can embrace a woman!”

“Wait, you muscle-brain shut up for a bit. Merea is a pitiful you know? Because he just woke up so he still couldn’t properly understand his situation.”

The spirit with a huge body was being told off by the female spirits with tall and slender figure.

“Understand? Let him put his feelings into place first. Though we just became like this upon our death, Merea upon dying just recently, has again entered a new body you know? Compared to us, it’s complicated! So if you don’t let him sort out his feelings yet, it’s no good!”

“I – I know it already! There’s no need to make such an unpleasant face. Sorry for rushing things Merea.”

The man obediently lowered his head, and the woman with a grin in her face waved her hand.

“Ah... no it’s fine...”

“First things first, Sit down Merea. Let me explain things to you properly.”

As Flounder said that, Merea began sitting on that place.

Resting his hands on the rugged rock, he tilted his back and began to look upwards in the sky.

— The clouds are close.

The color of the sky of that place was in no different to the sky he saw on the window of the hospital room.

Looking at that sky, for the first time feelings began surging into his new body.

—I have begun a new life again huh?

At least for Merea, he was happier than anything because of that.

Chapter 4

The Hero and The Demon King

The peak of Mt. Lindholm where the fleeting spirits resides, had a harsh environment.

The climate, air and even more so, it carries an unusual and heavy atmosphere that can be felt at times and giving exactly the atmosphere of a “holy mountain”.

In addition, there are also other things that makes you feel the harshness of it's environment.

Sometimes, there are creatures unknown to Merea that moves about in the sky.

And those creatures yet again, as for whether it was a beast or a monster, reflexively thinking its appearance will likely be described with such expression, Merea's heart began to prickle with anxiety.

That day, in the midst of those monsters was a being with an appearance that he felt like he had seen before.

—I feel like I've seen that appearance before.

There's no doubt. — It's a [Dragon] .

Mt. Lindholm whose altitude is specially high to the surrounding area have its peak piercing through the clouds every morning.

As a result, the clouds altitude seems lower.

And when it does, marking the clouds and looking above it, though you will be able to see seemingly numerous winged beasts flying above, in the mist of them you will also catch a glimpse of that dragon.

Upon seeing the figure of the dragon that he could only see in legends before, Merea's heart reflexively began throbbing fast.

Facing the opposite side, up to the dragon itself, in the peak of the sacred mountain of Lindholm, where spirits numbering to a hundred resides, there was a seemingly mysterious existence of a boy mixed in front of them.

[What the... those group of dying great spirits have come up with something interesting again huh?]

Uttering those words with a joyful tone, it began to descend on the summit.



Flapping its huge wings, flying with its body moving still, lastly it began to land with gentle and light movements.

The body of the dragon was standing tall at the peak of the holy mountain.

Merea was instinctively overwhelmed by the powerful presence of the Dragon.

“Uoh! It’s really a dragon. A D-r-a-g-o-n*.”

(TN: It was a katakana, Doragon)

“To be precise, it was <Heavenly Dragon>. Because there are also ‘earth dragons’, you have to remember the difference.”

“Ah... O-Okay.”

It had only been one week since Merea reincarnated.

His daily life was surprisingly going well.

Firstly, for Merea to grow accustomed to the environment, a cave and frozen mysterious pickled meats were prepared and adding with consumption of other fruits, he managed to live somehow.

For his livelihood, it seems a fixed amount of food provisions was prepared by the heroic spirits beforehand.

For Merea, listening to the troublesome stories of the heroic spirits while shuddering

in the cold winds of the mountain was really difficult.

That's why, at first the the spirits only told him about it in moderation, and as such he managed to lived by with it.

"So... why is a boy living in such a dangerous place like this."

The dragon said, tilting it's head.

The beautiful man from the spirits that brought Merea, Flounder Crow, with a warm smile in his face to walked towards the dragon and said-

"It's because he is our child."

"Oh, the usual "child of heroic spirits" huh? To think it would really succeed. With that, these bunch of rashly strong heroic spirits that remained were able to obtain happiness huh."

"Well, it's just a bunch of former heroes that failed when they're alive though."

"...I guess, that's right."

To the self-ridiculing smile of Flounder, the dragon muttered a small voice.

"But even so, what an odd appearance."

The dragon then, turn its face towards Merea.

"A white hair seemingly like the snow, The color of the eyes was that of a fresh blood. Rather, if you were to ask me, he's just like a ghost."

"His white hair was inherited from <Lei Lace>. And the red hair was inherited from mine. With that said, because it was combination of many essence of the spirits, it's probably indeed peculiar. However, having Lei Lace hair is quite beautiful in itself right?"

"Oh, indeed. If it's the hair of the that white heroine with peerless beauty, without a doubt it's beautiful.- Then, as for that Lei Lace?"

“She’s already “gone” you know?”

“What?”

“Leilace upon watching over the birth of Merea, she already went gone. Because as for her regrets, it was not something like getting betrayed or killed but rather dying without giving birth to a child or so it seems.”

“I..... see.”

The dragon emitted a bit of a melancholic facial expression.

Though the face was that of a dragon, Merea was still able to tell.

“Well, though it’s quite saddening, for you all, such happening is a blessing itself right?”

“That’s right. Because after overcoming your regrets, you will surely become happy.”

While listening to the conversation of Flounder and the Dragon, Merea understood the existence of the spirits a little bit.

He was able to surmise the reason why Flounder and the others were called Heroes, from the words of the dragon itself.

Heroes.

Flounder called himself [An existence within a worn-out hero] , albeit in a self-ridiculing tone, but from the way the dragon called them as such, that ridiculing tone is nowhere to be found or so he thought.

The spirits residing in this place were formerly called heroes and those heroes having to remain in this place seems like the truth.

“Though you’re called heroes, you all are unexpectedly lenient. For your greatest joy to be something like ceasing to exist.”

The Holy Mountain of Lindholm, even to this world was a unique place.

A place where the world allows those who should’ve been dead to fool around.

At the same time, because it's a place for regret-ridden spirits to "finish something", it was place that the living seldom visits.

-Well, Flounder themselves seems like normal though.

Merea knew after spending time with them for a week.

That they are not very different from the living.

No, because he still haven't met with any living being in this world, he cannot confirm as such, but at the very least as for the living in the world he formerly resided in, they are not any different from the living.

However according to the heroic spirits, there are also spirits that obtained a body seemingly belonging to those of the living on the lower level of the mountain.

-Because of their regrets

"Anyhow, if that's the case, there are only 99 of you remaining."

"Those will soon have to rely on Merea."

"-Will he really become the savior of the heroic spirits."

"I do not know. However, I think he will become a splendid hero."

"That's the most common regrets for you all. Sacrificing yourselves for the sake of the world but not being able to remain a hero to the very end, an unfortunate existence. — However, remember this. [The world is moving.] The world will change. And before you realized, the future that you all wished for may no longer be possible to be obtained any longer."

"Having the heavenly dragon who watches over the world say that, the persuasive power is pretty strong."

"Right..... Well however, I am also concerned on how you plan to raise Merea, That's why when the clouds became lower yet again, I will take a visit."

“I’m counting on you. After all, it seems Merea won’t be able to make friends currently.”

–The parent declared tinged with loneliness.

“Because there is probably no other benevolent living being that will come to the sacred mountain again after all”

“Un- Well then, fare well”

“Yes.”

Saying that, the dragon once again flew back into the sky.

–Though the spirits are occasionally mysterious, this world is really seemingly fantasy-like.

Merea, knowing that the beings that once only belonged to people’s fantasy came to being, his heart throbbed and was tinged with anxiety at the same time.

Fantasy too stronk*

(TN: Jk~ it’s Fantasy is overwhelming)

Supposing that those kinds of beings were to oppose him, will he still be able to live in this world properly?



–I understood that I could live, if I did as if it was a matter of life and death.

Huh? This is not putting the cart before the horse! It feels as if, for one to live here, he must also know what death is like.

Another week has passed since the Heavenly Dragon took a visit.

That day, Merea has been running about in the peak of the holy mountain of Lindholm.

With that said, it was actually due to the [Fire balls] blazing and burning vigorously, chasing him.

“Hey, try to escape even desperately, This is a special training for you since you got used to living here!”

“Just what is this for anyway!?”

“A training for the purpose of becoming a great hero, obviously!”

—This is tyranny.

Listening to the stories of the great spirits, I’ve already known their reason for calling me here.

—Apparently, they want to make me become a hero.

A savior of a nation.

A hero to save the world.

A hero to help others.

There are various reasons, but basically a “hero” is basically a splendid title.

A title that the spirits residing here were once called.

However, due to some gruesome incidents, their various last moments were seemingly met with a tragic ending.

Being betrayed by their former comrades, being made to be a human sacrifice, being disposed of after being used.

Among those stories told, there are times that the word “Demon Lord” resurfaces.

In this world, it seems the word “Demon Lord” once held a very special meaning before.

A special meaning, though that was still a vague way of describing it, this was because the word “Demon Lord” had various meanings from different times or era.

There wasn’t really a clear explanation about it.

However, if you connect the words of the spirits,

<Demon Lord> was a [label] that is changing.

or so according to their words.

As for if the spirits themselves have bitter memories with the ones regarded as <Demon Lord> , they didn't speak in detail.

Because of that, the probability of them being involved on the tragedies, felt quite lacking.

But even so, by intertwining the fragmented information from them, I was able to roughly guess the meaning of the word <Demon Lord>.

It was an existence that is both [outrageously powerful] and a [personification of evil]
.

—–or it was probably close to that.

I was able to guess that much.

After checking the answers, I came to Flounder to inquire about it.

At that time, Flounder while smiling wryly,

[Probably pretty close or something.]

or so he answered.

After listening to the other spirits,

[You see, in the past.....]

[There was a time were I was addressed like that.]

And

[The meaning had already changed from the time that I was alive.]

and so fort, but there seems to be no fitting answer.

The meaning has changed?

Changed from what? And to what kind of meaning did it changed into?

After running around and asking other spirits, lastly I was able to find myself returning towards Flounder's place.

And so Flounder, with a reluctant expression,

[From being used to refer those outrageously powerful and personification of evil existences to just being used to refer to those outrageously powerful.]

—answered as such.

Was the personification of evil definition was removed from those called as “Demon Lord”?

Was it removed on its own, or was it removed intentionally by someone?

—Just what kind of existence is a demon Lord?

By the end of it, the hazy feelings regarding that was etched to the chest of Merea.



“Even to this day, Is there still a reason for me to do this!?”

“Of course! Definitely! What are you going to do if your opponent is the demon lord? Demon lords often have a peculiar way of [Researching Power] to improve themselves you know? There are also those filled with talents at birth, there are also those who have techniques similar to secret ceremonies. In my age, that's how it is.”

But even so, I've been hearing nothing but those words from the mouth of the spirits, nowadays.

On the other hand, Merea using his own methods other than the spirits' has slowly began to gather information regarding the “Demon Lords”

“The existence of that Demon lord is pretty much still vague to me though!!”

“Eh... well, time will come for you to properly ask Flounder about that.”

“That way of shunning the subject is not fair!”

Merea said as he evaded a blazing fire ball.

However immediately spun the next words.

“—— The demon lords of the current age seems to be on the decline though~”

That’s an information regarding Demon Lords that he managed to secure with his own methods.

Though it’s just a piece of information, it’s an information that did not came from the spirits.

To the words of Merea that was as if baiting to obtain an information, the male spirit with a huge body who oversees the training of Merea, Tyrant, widened his eyes seemingly in surprise.

“That story, where did you heard it from?”

Immediately, Tyrant’s facial expression suddenly changed into a consenting one.

“—Oh, from Clautice huh?”

It was the name of the Heavenly dragon who visited the summit of sacred mountain the other day.

The own method of Merea was in fact just merely asking the heavenly dragon rather than the spirits.

“Certainly, that guy knows various things after all.”

“I didn’t hear anything other than that though – Oops!”

The fireball came towards Merea's foot.

Avoiding while stranding, Merea kept on it.

"So... what about that?"

Though Tyrant remained silent for some time as if thinking about something.

"Even if they are indeed on a decline for the time being, a being similar to that will just come one way or another. Only the name changes."

Words that felt strangely realistic have come out of Tyrant's mouth.

Before Merea even gets to ask the meaning behind his words, as if being pressed for an answer, Tyrant began to elaborate his words.

"How they call it doesn't matter. The problem is, if that kind of being will oppose you, for example, a moment where it will make a move against one of your comrades, having the capability to protect them yourself is better isn't it?"

"Well, that is also correct but....."

The purpose of this training probably lies in those words.

A training for the purpose of being a hero that could save others.

"Then, do your best. Don't worry, your body have fine sets of muscle. With this even if you are thrown in various situations you will be able to bite on it just fine. I knew it, the resolve of those who died once are different, in regards to the desire to live."

Tyrant, while speaking rapidly had successfully diverted the topic.

On the other hand, Merea realizing that the topic has diverted, after looking at his surroundings, with the fireballs making idle talks a waste of breather as it beginning to hasten it's speed floated, he reluctantly went along with the flow.

"I don't remember being given time to ascertain my resolve though!"

Merea never had regrets in his past life. He had lived with all his got in his own way.

Though his life was short lived, he already did what he must have done.

However, the latter half of his life up to his death, the sorrow of having his heavy body deprived of its freedom was carved on his mind.

That's why being able to live again with a body that can move freely was already enough for him to be grateful.

Even if someone were to be reincarnated after death, there's no guarantee that you will be given a body that could freely move after reincarnation.

And judging by the fact that his life before didn't have memories of his former life, there's no guarantee that his former memories will take over the body of his next life.

— The fact that I can remain “myself” on my next life, is probably only for this time.

Retaining my memories and knowledge, being able to cross worlds like this must have been just this once.

With those thoughts in mind, Merea, desperately lived up to the present.

The reason of being able experience reincarnating once, must have been due to one's prudence.

“Alright, I'll be back in two hours.”

“In two hours!?”

“Its fine, its fine, haven't you gotten used to the current level. I will play board games with Flounder over there so try keeping up with the fireball until then. Bye then.”

Saying so, the spirit with the huge body, Tyrant, fluttering while waving his hand, turned his heel afterwards.

As Tyrant headed towards Flounder whom had a beautiful smile on his face, Merea managed to steal a glance while running away.

Just looking.

And never stopping on his tracks.

—Even the beautiful smile on Flounder's face seemed quite sadistic.

And so Merea who've gotten tired of seeing such state.

“Uwoh~! Dangerous! My hair is burnt!”

—continued avoiding that fireball.

Chapter 5

Technique God's Evil Eyes

Part 1:

One year has passed since Merea reincarnated.

For Merea, ever since the day of his reincarnation, he never had even a spare time to breathe. Nevertheless, he felt like he only managed to desperately survive the 'Spartan training' of the spirits.

"Erm, this technique can be done like this, while this technique requires various elements woven together, this... a-aah! Why are letters and symbols mixed together? Just who the heck came up with this!?"

That day Merea, while surrounded by three female spirits, was studying the complex patterns carved on a stone tablet. Tracing them with his very fingers, muttering complaints, and at times scratching his head.

On the other hand, the three beautiful female spirits watching Merea with grin in their faces said—

"Yes, this one's different. This technique is no good—. If you do it like that, you won't be able to emit flames."

"Haa... Really, just who the heck is it? The one who made this thing."

"Who knows? Isn't it god? These techniques are similar to physical phenomena after all. Why living things came to being or why the speed of light is determined on a fixed value. If you question those kind of things, the answer you will eventually came up would be "That's just the way they are."

"I know, I know that already! It's just the complexity of these things are too stupid that

I couldn't help but inadvertently complain! “

Merea was receiving lectures regarding [Magic] that day.

Specifically called as magic, they are phenomenon created by various <Techniques> and can be made possible to happen by utilizing [Mana] as a source.”

<Techniques > are various methods or ways of making the magical phenomena occur.

Determining the world providence, sometimes by utilizing the power of the soul language, using such techniques to make it a reality.

Though at times there exist some consistency in it, the arrangement of the letter and shapes for techniques in order to make such phenomena happen at will, , are a complete mess.

For starters, one must get used to the technique's language system in order for things to turn out their way.

Physical trainings are used to carve techniques into his body as a hero, this kind of training on the other hand is where you pound and burn out your head, and if you ask Merea, the latter is more tire some than the former.

“Though you've built up splendid muscles during the first year already, you have to put some more effort into it, though from our perspective, having a good muscular body is fairly splendid in itself already.”

“Then, where's my dinner? “

“Eh? This and that is different. If you do not do it properly, even having a splendid muscular body won't earn you dinner, you know? “

“Hmph, wearing such a happy smile in your faces...”

“Alright, then analyze this technique and learn the countermeasure techniques also. “

“Ugh, my head hurts... do you really have to resort to such extreme measures? “

“You have Flounder Crow’s evil eyes after all, if you do not have the knowledge of techniques to make use of that properly, it will just become a useless possession.”

With that said to Merea, he glanced upon the water container placed above the stone tablet.

His own faces was reflected on the surface of the water

Pure white hair, and red eyes.

His red eyes that were seemingly inherited from Flounder

——<Technique God Flounder Crow’s Evil Eyes.>

—or so it was called.

—— Indeed, thanks to these eyes, the composition of the techniques I have to learn was huge but...

<Technique God’s Evil Eye> can see through composition of technique.

Though in most techniques, it becomes impossible to see through within the phenomena when it already occurred, but with <Technique God’s Evil Eye> it becomes possible to see through them even from the exterior.

And thereby, after being able to read through your opponent’s technique and being able to counter it with the corresponding countermeasure techniques, it’s possible to render the said technique invalid.

Though you can also win the battle by hitting your opponent’s technique with a technique of an even higher fire power, in such cases, if you do not know the gist of the nature of your opponents’ technique, you’ll be hopeless.

It's exactly due to that, because the method of absorbing your opponent's technique, or deflecting your opponents' technique would be hard to do just by brute force alone.

There are also times that your opponent could use 'engraving technique' or the act of carving curse symbols into things to attach a limitation or restraints to living things. There is also a corresponding countermeasure techniques to deal with such. The way of countermeasure for that is to alter the composition of such techniques.

That's why the spirits were earnestly stuffing the theorem of techniques into the head of Merea.

"The ideal way is the degree of deflection. The moment you read the technique of the opponent by using the <Technique God's Evil Eye>, you must immediately use the countermeasure technique to deflect it. If you can't even reach up to that level, you won't pass you know?"

"But deflecting is..."

"Do it without complaining."

"Okay..."

Though the spirits are gentle except on their trainings already, be they woman or a man, when it comes to training they're excessive like Spartans.



Part 2:

Merea, while utilizing <Technique God – Flounder Crow's Evil Eyes> have begun reading the technique used by various great spirits. Furthermore, in order to come up with a counter measure technique properly, firstly he must–

"Ng, gu guah...! "

“Alright, one minute. -oops.”

“Shut up! “

It took exactly a minute.

–Read them, understanding the technique by using the combination of characters and symbols and familiarizing the combinations by using their final composition.

This time, in order to properly reverse it, performing the countermeasure technique.

Not necessarily having to reverse the symbols but just having the characters reversed alone won't result to a successful countermeasure technique.

This is because the mirror opposite of the symbols has an entirely different effect compared to the relevant symbols.

That's why, Merea is stuffing various technique theories into his head.

From the well-known technique theories, even the theories of the secluded people living in the distant regions, similar to secret ceremonies.

From the various technique from the various spirits' birthplace, up to the techniques used by the heroic spirits themselves when they were alive, their various technique have different methods.

Upon applying the various theories stuffed in his head, coming up with various potential countermeasures for each technique, and finally using the one that seemed most effective.

The process is too long.

To be exact, at first coming up with a proper countermeasure technique usually takes a minute.

“In that minute, you would've died already.”

“I know...”

“Though at first, using a barrier countermeasure is good but, but in the distant future, an attack-type countermeasure will get you more fired up.”

“An attack type?”

“Not defending but countering the technique of your opponent and turning it against him is a more effective way in rendering it invalid. As for my black flame technique, the attack type countermeasure for it would probably be the white flame technique, so by altering the technique and deflecting it back, you will be able to shot first. It’s the ultimate way of countering.”

“Being able to alter the spell and being able to shot first.”

“There’s an opening before a technique converts mana into a magical phenomenon after all. Though the activation of the master practitioners are really fast, there is a guaranteed time to analyze it before that. Even if you don’t use flounder’s evil eyes, if you read ahead of the technique, you could come up with a proper countermeasure technique by reflex or so it seems. Well, even if you don’t become that monstrous, if you are a superior practitioner, estimating the technique’s intensity upon just by seeing it activate is a pretty common.”

“Just now, didn’t you say monstrous? I’m being likened to monsters!! “

“Don’t worry, having <Technique God’s Evil Eyes> , <Iron Body of the War God> and inheriting the characteristics of various heroic spirits, you’ve already became way past a proper human being a long time ago.”

“ [Don’t worry] my ass!* “

“Did the vessel of the soul grew? I’m not really sure about those parts but, I wonder if Technique God Flounder Crow, knows.”

Muttering that, the female spirit continued emitting relentless techniques by surprise attacks.

Part 3:

And so, approximately three years has passed since training of the heroic spirit happened.

Seemingly in just the twinkle of the eye, Merea grew up.

“Then lastly, three at the same time.”

That day, in front of the three spirits, he began to put his arms that started to feel light on guard.

He was preparing for battle.

The woman facing him on the other hand, stretched their arms in front of them,

“Flaming Lance! “

“Thunderous Lance! “

“Water Lance! “

-and began to emit various spells.

The instantly casted technique begun to immediately form in their hands but, immediately after the flame, thunder and water spears began to take form, the composition of their spells is no more visible.

There is almost no delay or lag in the techniques emitted by the three women.

That itself is the proof of their excellence in their techniques.

However, to Merea’s sight, the composition of the techniques can be seen as clear as day.

In that instant, Merea began to devise different kinds of formula in various ways.

Various symbols from the technique’s language started to form from Merea’s hands and then spread out resembling a battle formation, beginning to form a barrier seemingly like a shield.

Various spears began to strike the barrier technique that protected Merea.

And so–

“–Un, I’m giving you a passing mark. Well that’s pretty acceptable.”

The barrier that the spears collided into, in that moment dissipated.

The counter measure he made, was a barrier that neutralizes spells that collides into it.

“Finally! It took three years!!!”

“It took ten years for me though. Compared to me, you are more talented. How strange, even though you came from a world without such techniques. “

Coming towards Merea, while scratching his head was Flounder who had an enthusiastic smile in his face.

The former owner of Merea’s evil eyes.

Right after Merea inherited it upon being born, the “Technique God’s Evil Eyes” ceased to exist from Flounder’s spiritual body.

However, apart from being the former possessor, it was also Flounder who taught Merea how to use the evil eyes.

“If Flounder himself says that, it makes me happy. But it’s also thanks to Flounder’s guidance that I became like this right? “

“That’s right, isn’t it? “

“It was thanks to all of you that I was able to perform this much, is what I think. “

“If you say that much, those three would also surely feel glad.”

Saying that, Flounder began to point his fingers towards the three female spirits and being guided by it, Merea who glanced towards the three was suddenly at lost for words.

Those three female spirits, the appearance of their body is becoming thinner and seemingly about to disappear.

“Eh?”

Merea who inadvertently voiced stupefied sound, rushed towards the three female spirits.

The three female spirits facing him had a gentle smile in their faces.

“That’s right. It seems our regrets have already ran out of fuel. I wonder why, I feel like I could grasp how Leilace felt on that time. “

“For Leilace, having properly given birth to a child is her greatest happiness though. Just how happy did that girl felt?”

“Leilace, died pretty young after all.”

(TN: You might have noticed but I changed Reytrat to Leilace because it seems more feminine. Is it fine?)

“E-Everyone...”

An anxious expression resurfaced on Merea’s face.

However, the three spirits only caressed Merea’s head consecutively.

“It means being at peace, it’s the same for us. I thought I had a more complicated regret but it seems I became satisfied in just raising you up. Well it’s probably because we also never had a child when we are alive. Really, motherhood is pretty troublesome.”

“Merea, at first we thought of making you a hero for the sake of exacting revenge to those bastards who betrayed us but now we don’t want you to burden you with such things. Binding the freedom of a child to something like that won’t be good for the heart after all.”

“That’s just how it is, so live as you see fit, Merea. However, because you’re a man, you must at least have the power to protect those important to you. “

Three voices resounded and after that...

— The three spirits disappeared.

Next to Merea, Flounder who was glancing towards the sky,

“With this, the holy mountain will become quite melancholic again.”

—softly muttered those words.

Chapter 6

Your future in two words: Demon King

Part: 01

When Merea turned 15 years old, half of the spirits had already disappeared.

Their regrets were purified as if inversely proportional to the growth of Merea.

More specifically, upon having Merea learn their specific abilities, as if due to having already performed their duty, the heroic spirits disappeared.

Merea felt saddened about it.

“Even though everyone summoned me to become a hero, they already disappeared before witnessing it happen. It feels as if I killed them...”

“That’s wrong, Merea. Rather than that, you’ve granted them happiness you know? After all, the never ending chain of revenge they’re carrying was finally cut off. To them whom had lived all their lives with regrets, being satisfied with something other than their regret is a really great thing.”

Flounder Crow had still remained on Lindholm.

It has been 15 years since Merea crossed the world together with Flounder.

It such a long time but it felt fleeting.

“What’s your regret, Flounder?”

Merea couldn’t ask the spirits about each of their own regrets.

He would probably be told about it if he asked or so he thought, but he didn’t want them to ponder over the harsh memories they’ve experienced.

However, half of the surrounding heroic spirits have already disappeared and he didn't know when Flounder might disappear himself so finally, Merea couldn't control himself any longer.

"Me? My regret huh? Oh right, what was it again? I could only remember a few memories of the past though. "

Hearing those words, Merea's heart began to jump.

Flounder himself doesn't remember his regrets clearly.

He forgot about it.

This is something that exactly leads to the disappearance of the spirits.

That's why Flounder himself might disappear before long.

—or so Merea realized.

"Don't worry, because I will watch over Merea until the very end."

"-un."

(TN: Affirmation sound, I wanted to keep it that way since it sorta had a different vibe than yes.)

Though Merea felt comforted by those words, he also felt saddened at the same time.



Part 02:

Merea's body was firmly forged by the battle hardened heroic spirits.

However, Merea have yet to descend from the holy mountain.

At first he wanted to descend from the mountain to peek at the world's situation a little bit and climb back, but thinking that upon moving back the spirits themselves may have already disappeared, and becoming anxious with such thoughts he couldn't make himself to climb down.

And so, Merea never had a chance to measure the scale of his strength in regards to the norm of this world.

After all, there's no proper human being that climbs up to the sacred mountain of Lindholm.

Those who dare to climb the mountain are rarely enough and upon climbing they will become possessed by the spirits on the lower level of the mountain and lose their minds, such humans will become something akin to a beast.

As for the spirits, they have no proper substance or body.

Though there are spirits in the holy mountain that could maintain a temporary body for a short time, however upon witnessing the growth of Merea, their regrets have grown weak and aren't able to do so any longer.



Part 03:

That day, the most battle-hardened heroic spirit, Tyrant who had a large body, was facing Merea on his last training.

Tyrant's body materialization could only last 2 minutes.

On the short time of exchange between offense and defense, Merea was able to beat down Tyrant.

The only first time where Merea got serious was during that time when he was able to beat down Tyrant.

“– You've gotten strong, Merea. You've gotten too strong to the point that it's quite vexing. Thanks to you, my body had become weak. — Damn it, what was my wish again? Thinking about it now, it might've been finding someone to succeed my techniques.”

Merea was able to exceed Tyrant.

Merea whom never won even once on their sparing have finally overcame Tyrant. That day, with a satisfied expression on his face, he was patting the head of Merea.

“<War God Tyrant Leharl’s Iron Body> was inherited from me. Your body is strong. Even using things such as dull sword should prove to be not a problem to you. You should be able to understand that by yourself. You who could move my body better than mine is without a doubt, strong. Carry the <War God> name with pride. That would be enough of an offering to me.”

“Tyrant...”

“Don’t make such a face. My essence surely exists in your body. That’s why, I will always be together with you.”

“– Un”

“Even if your soul is from a different world, you were able to clear away my regrets, I’ve become quite attached to you as my son. Therefore I will go. After all, I have stopped wanting to burden you with such strange obligations.”

Saying that, Tyrant body has grown even thinner.

His spiritual body is about to disappear.

But before that, he struck out a fist in his right hand.

Merea immediately approached him and struck his fist to Tyrant’s fist.

“Be well.”

“Good bye, pops.”

(TN : Pops = Oyaji, or so I find it more suitable.)

“Haha, not bad, being called that name.”

And then another spirit has yet again ascended.

Part 04:

Taking heroic spirit's essences in consideration, Merea's body had a strange life force in it.

(TN: This are names so I'm letting you change it if you want, romaji below)

<War God Tyrant Leharl's Iron Body.>

(Tairanto Reharu)

<Lord of Life, Miusel Blue's Body of Revitalization>

(Muyuzeru Buru)

<Lord of Death – Ahath Cyrath's Heart>

(Ahato Sairasu)

<God of Illness, Cyrile Sum's Anti-bodies.>

(Shiriru Sumu)

There are still more various special abilities that it carried.

Those special abilities of the heroic spirits are all integrated to <Otherworldly Merea Mea's Spirit>

Part 05:

As the heroic spirits decreased accordingly, Merea's free time increased as well.

'In the early days, everyone was competing who will come to Merea first but as those moments have decreased as well, the time allotted to the training of the spirits that have disappeared have turned into his free time.

Though the training was quite severe, because the heroic spirits' sharing of their knowledge in techniques and other information were also a once in a life time opportunity, those moments were also now treasured.

On the other hand, he didn't know what to do with his free time anymore.

He also learns the fundamental structure of the world from the heroic spirits, at times the heavenly dragon that descends down also tells him about current state of the world.

However, there was no time to witness it with his own eyes.

And because he hasn't seen it yet, the desire of wanting to do specific things have yet to resurface.

And as such, with his days of worries continuing, that day Merea found a mysterious stone on the corner of the holy mountain.

A stone that is rare even according to the stories of the heavenly dragon.

——<Future Stone – Fiunace> or so it was a stone called as such.

Holding on to that stone for 30 minutes, will tell you a possibility of your future with just a few characters.

“It's really is just plain fantasy.”

Even with that in mind, I could not help myself from trying it.

And so Merea decided to peek into his future using the future stone.

Part 06:

It has been 30 minutes since Merea held the <Future Stone – Fiunace> still in his hands.

And so, on the exterior of the stone, characters have started appearing one after another.

◇ ◇ ◇

[Demon Lord.]

◇ ◇ ◇

Merea then broke the stone by striking it with a hand chop.

—Phew.

With the sensation of cutting still in his hands, Merea began to survey his surroundings.

If the spirits saw him just now, they will surely gather around him.

—Even though the heroic spirits have brought me up to become a hero, really, this future stone sure is defective.

With a large and deep breath, his heartbeat has calmed down once more.

In the holy mountain that was seemingly filled with cold atmosphere and breeze, suddenly upon looking in its surroundings, he discovered other future stones and decided to test it once again.

—That one before must've been some kind of mistake.

As he embraced his wish and conviction, another 30 minutes have passed since he held another stone.

[Demo-]

Broke it again.

—How weird. It shouldn't have been like that.

What raised him was various heroic spirits numbering to a hundred.

Even though he was an existence similar to that of thoroughbred of heroes. That was odd.

—It would've been better if it's just a "normal person" but if it was the opposite, I'd be bothered.

—This is the last try. Just once more. There's such a thing like "Third-timer's luck" right?— though, there is also such thing as "What happens twice will happen thrice."

Merea's third attempt has begun.

[Devil]

— and was finished in that instant.

—Didn't it just got worse!?

It's much worse than a [Demon Lord] .

At the very least, I wanted to be a "Lord".

—I must never tell Flounder and the others about this.

And so Merea began to gather and hide the future stones that he stroke and split into two from the other spirits.

Future Stone Fiunace, is not something absolute.

In the end, it's nothing but just a [Future possibility] .

Given some more time and trying it again, surely things like [Savior] or [Great Hero] and such thing should resurface in it. [Brave] is also fine.

(TN: Kyuuseisha, Eiyuu and Yuusha)

—It's fine even if it's a lie, even if it's just merely by the appearance. Please do such.

Merea has wished.

Anyhow, if things turn for worse with the heroic spirits finding the stone and say something like "Look, it will surely say "Great Hero".", in order to destroy it before the heroic spirits see the result, he must strike it with the speed of sound.

—That will surely be difficult.

I will try this again later on anyway so, smashing everything aside, I must hide them somewhere.

And so on that day, on the curriculum vitae on Merea's mind, the hobby section was filled with items like [Gathering Future Stones] .

Part 07:

One month has passed since then.

—It should've change by now. No, it has definitely changed.

Though there is a small hasty self-consciousness, feeling restless he could not stop himself any longer.

Wishing that the result such as [Demon Lord] and [Devil] from that Future Stone Fiunace has changed, he held onto the future stone that he hid yet again.

30 minutes have passed.

He let go of his grip.

— Oh, this time it's a drawing.

Resting his hand on a chair filled with seemingly thorny ornaments, it was an appearance of a guy smiling with a broad grin.

It was a chair seemingly like a throne.

In addition to that, it was the kind that belongs to a person with excessive preference on evil things.

Next to him were various person bowing their heads down.

—How strange... This really seems like someone who is doing evil things.

I wonder who is this... This guy who behaves exactly like that of a demon lord.

Hair as white as snow and red eyes. This awkward attempt to resurface an evil appearance.

—It definitely looks like me, this guy.

Must be my imagination.

However, assuming that this is indeed just my imagination, I want to say something to this guy in the picture.

You are not fit to be an actor.

Judging on how he made that expression alone, which is poorly done.

Merea struck the stone yet again.

He got used to doing such.

–Using a picture that would be hard to judge.....

However, still that appearance was not that of a [hero] .

Next. Let's proceed to the next one.

Please make it in characters next time.

Wishing like that, he held the stone yet again in his hands.

[Lord of Demon Lords.]

— Disappointing!! No, It's good, it's good, surely [Demon Lord] and [Savior] must've been mixed right? However since the word [Lord of Demon Lords] doesn't really fit, maybe it was supposed to be something like [King of Savior] or such.

Immediately after that, he chopped the stone into two pieces.

–You* aren't possibly the kind to say [Ah this is wrong, this one is wrong~] to yourself when you've made a mistake right?

(TN: *Omae – sorta disrespectful version of “You)

Because next time he tries it again, it will just result on [Demon Lord] and such once again, Merea stopped peeking into future with such.

–If it's something like [Lord of Demon Lords] then the remaining of hope is very dim.

Yosh, Yosh, move forward, move forward.

He forcibly persuaded himself.

Chapter 7

The demon pelt that they made

“Merea, you used <Future Stone Fiunace> didn’t you?”

“-Ough!?”

(TN: Surprised sound)

It has been a year since the future stone resulted into [Lord of Demon Lords] . Even now, there are times where Merea collects future stones.

At times, holding the future stones he gathered, the results haven’t changed nor improved for the better.

On the other hand, the population of the spirits have decreased to a single digit.

That day, Flounder was asking Merea while emanating a seemingly forced smile.

It seems Merea’s actions were found out.

If that’s the case, then they might have also found out his primary objective of hiding the stone in order to not let the spirits use them.

“I knew it. By the way, what’s the result?”

“Erm..... G-Great hero?”

“Merea is not really good at lying right.”

“Yes...”

To be precise, he is bad at lying to the spirits whom were also his parents.

Though he could fool the children of the heavenly dragon that comes down to play with unnatural nursery-tales made up with lies woven together, if the opponent is

Flounder his tongue always falters.

“Let me guess. – [Demon Lord] was the result right?”

“Eh!? H-How did you know?”

“Haha, I managed to predict such a little bit. That prediction has been growing larger and larger within me, maybe it was due to the stories of <Heavenly Dragon> Clautice about this world recently.”

“What kind of story?”

“There’s a rumor about [Demon Lord Hunting] going on in this world lately.”

“Demon lord hunting...”

“-Un. There’s something fishy about it. It seems the city-states in this world had more thirst for power than I thought.”

Flounder said while suddenly straightening his posture. Merea imitating such, have straightened his posture a bit as well.

Flounder took a breath and as if readying himself, he began to emit a serious expression and started talking.



“I’ve already told Merea about the description of [Demon Lord] changing from both outrageously powerful and personification of evil to just an outrageously powerful being, right?”

“Yes, a bit.”

It seems Flounder will now talk about the detailed stories regarding the Demon Lords.

“About those words, in the past, it was not well-known to the point of being wide spread. Something like [Merely Outrageously Powerful Being] seems too distinct right? “

Flounder seemingly troubled, laughed.

“Around the time when I was still called a hero, a being that is both outrageously powerful and personification of evil was called a Demon Lord. However, around the time that I died, the [Personification of Evil] portion was removed, and it became a word that represents a being that was really powerful. The era where I lived must have been the [turning point] leading to that change.”

Turning point.

As to how the transition happened into that meaning, of course Merea still didn't know.

To that Merea who was guessing the reason in his innermost thoughts, Flounder on the other hand just turned a question towards him.

“By the way, do you have any idea how did it changed that way?”

“Nhn...”

Merea had several ideas as for the reason. However not even one seems to fit. While still wondering about it, as if running out of time to guess, Flounder spoke before him.

“It's because the Demon Lords that are the personification of evil have drastically decreased. And before everyone realized, the threat they posed didn't exist any longer. The tyrannical ones that had that much of power and were smeared with evil were mostly slain.”

“Isn't that a good thing?”

“Un, on that part.”

Flounder's smile had changed into bitter one.

“But due to that the [Common Enemy] of the humans– rather of the nations have ceased to exist. Because they had common enemies before, the various nations didn't really pay any mind to the other nations neighboring them. Because the weapons they had were before facing the same opponent. However, when the demon lords perished, a dangerous atmosphere have enveloped the various nations.”

“Have a heart!”

“Even if you complain on history it won’t change a thing. Anyhow, that resulted in this time, war has erupted between various nations.”

It was an awful story. Merea thought to be blunt.

“And so as the wars erupted between various nations, the meaning of the word <Demon Lord> has changed. It was changed by the convenience of the nations.”

“What do you mean?”

“Those nations have desired a strong power to use in wars.”

Well, in other words, for them to go to war and to win it, they desired a reasonable amount of power. They’ve probably set aside the various problems it will cause and solely focused on winning.

“While speaking of “great power”, the word “demon lords” come out. However, the demon lords are now next to none. Their numbers where exhausted due to hunting.”

“un.”

“Because of that, the attention of the nations were turned to another target.”

“Another target?”

“Yes. — To those that existed before the numbers of the demon lords where exhausted, the beings that were similar to a medicine to them, they turned their attention towards the [Heroes] .”

Merea was starting to get dizzy. He was able to predict the path that the history undertook from the words of Flounder.

“The heroes whom faced the demon lords were strong. However, they were not evil. Rather, they were an existence of total opposite. When the demon lords diminished, those so called heroes have lost their duties. However some of those heroes have cheerfully returned to their livelihood due to their various desires. To endeavor into

business, to improve their techniques, Passing the martial arts they mastered in order for it to prosper and open a dojo. To utilize their excessive abilities, going to adventure into the unknown. There were different kinds of heroes. Maybe due to their fight against the demon lords, they've decided to stay away from conflicts."

Glancing in the sky with eyes filled with nostalgia, Flounder said such. But that line of sight of Flounder slowly fell into the ground.

"However, those heroes were met with tragedies."

Suddenly, in the midst of the conversation was a word filled with melancholy.

-Tragedy.

"In conclusion to that, those nations who've turned their attentions towards the heroes have fabricated them into being demon lords."

"Oh..."

-I knew it would soon lead to that.

Merea couldn't stop himself from breaking into heavy sigh.

"At first they bowed their heads and pleaded saying [Please cooperate on war] to those heroes. Those heroes couldn't find a good reason to turn hostility into their rival nations in war. That's why, them who could not go against their honor, refused to participate in war. For them to go along with such selfishness, of course they refused. However, the nations desperately wished for those fascinating powers that they had. But they are heroes, they can't force them and naturally and they also couldn't forcefully take away their powers. And when all doors for them have closed, someone uttered--"

They should just do so using [labels] .

"And so finally, for them to forcefully take away the powers of the heroes, they fabricated a new [label] for them."



“They set up the heroes as an [evil incarnate] demon lords.”



“Once it started, it can’t be stopped any longer. Those half-hearted method had gone excessively well. The label demon lord have begun to attach itself to the other heroes. Afterwards, those heroes have become the demon lords of the next era.”

It was a really cruel story. The word demon lord, became something akin to a devil’s pelt on that era. Merea remembered the words of Tyrant.



[A being similar to that will just come one way or another. Only the name changes.]



Their situation was worse compared to the words of Tyrant.

The meaning didn’t change on his time.

In other words, the malice that the [Demon Lords] of the past era accumulated was burdened to those who carried it on the next era.

Rather, it became something like “Demon Lords were the main culprit” to everything.

Merea thought so in the same manner.

“As those have repeated, finally the effectiveness have grown numb. Fabricating the malice have become a bother to make and in the end, the distinction of the word ‘demon lord’ have changed into something synonymous to [Outrageously Powerful] .”

“I... see.”

It was hard to nod.

However even if he refused to nod, it's not like the history will change.

"It seems even the standard for having the lenient label 'demon lord' have also gone lower. As the wars of the era have moved forward, accordingly, the reproduction was probably not effective. Hearing that from the words of the Heavenly Dragon Clautice, I manage to predict such a detestable future."

In other words,

"Comparing Merea to such standard, upon descending to the society, you will surely be compared to a demon lord."

Saying such, Flounder emitted a bitter smile. He was able to see various feelings residing on that bitter smile. Self-mockery, solitude and anger as well. In addition to being tinged with worries, it still had various feelings in it.

"If you descend from the mountain and display the powers of the heroic spirits that dwell in you, the powers that you devoted himself into, consequently you might be labeled as a demon lord."

So that was the case or so Merea was convinced.

And so, Merea felt that he finally realized, the reason behind the anger and the sadness that resides on the bitter smile of Flounder.

With the words [Power of the Heroic Spirits] , he realized.

Flounder thinks that those are his own fault.

Making him a hero was a wish with good intentions.

Even if he wasn't able to become a hero, he should have at least have the power to protect others, he was brought up with that in mind.

However, as those accumulated, Merea had become someone outrageously powerful.

Possibly, even exceeding the expectation of the heroic spirits.

Precisely succeeding, utilizing or possibly mastering the essences of the spirits, the

soul that piled them up, Merea.

By becoming someone powerful, Merea will be branded by the label [Demon Lord] .

By the time he realized that, along with the self-depreciation within him, dread, sadness and anger towards the era was born within Flounder.

That's why various feelings can be felt within the bitter smile of Flounder as he told the story.

"It's tyranny."

Merea realizing that, but not knowing on how to react to such, uttered those words in a light tone.

Though he want to relieve Flounder by saying that he didn't really mind it himself, even if he didn't mind, it might not be the same with Flounder.

Perhaps, no matter what he says in the exterior, it won't destroy the bitter smile that Flounder had.

Merea also understood as such.

Chapter 8

Flounder Crow

Merea tried to change the topic in a hurry.

But rather than changing the topic unnaturally, and to anger Flounder, which most would not think of trying, somehow he wanted to naturally change the topic.

But,

“I’ve got to tell the truth, I also became a Demon Lord from a Hero. It’s Somewhat embarrassing to say Hero when talking about my history, it’s because the word is confusing enough to refrain from using it. It’s hard to speak indifferently.”

In the end even Flounder wound up being betrayed.

Merea while feeling the unrewarding softness that ends up dulling his thought, notices that Flounder is in the same state, such as wanting to talk about it to the end, and they decided to quietly get on this topic.

“Flounder is a Demon Lord... huh. Textually it’s not a very good look.”

This androgynous good-looking man of delicate features is a Demon Lord.

It’s quite a complicated matter because of the previous image, you would imagine a more rugged looking person to say it’s a Demon Lord.

When Merea is suffering from a mismatch of reality and the image of a Demon Lord, Flounder is continuing to say tricky words.

“After I was betrayed I was deemed to replace the previous Demon Lord, being named as a different Demon Lord -... And being Killed was my former regret, such a thing became a regret because I wanted, if you want my honest opinion – There is no feeling of wanting you to take revenge.”

Flounder, as if he had decided that he will take the hate of the people, even though he did not deserve it, he went side by side with those words of hate.

Yet Merea didn't hear a word of regret from Flounder, he was thinking that.

"Then, what flounder remembered as a regret."

"That regret I had has weathered. The other regret my heart has is that I'm sorry for what happened the others. -Everyone's feelings."

"If you remember then it's good?"

"There is no such thing. At the same time, I regret that the regret had not weathered earlier. It's good that it happened. You are a pride that we had in our lifetime, we did not want you to dirty your hands. Before the regret had weathered, if my enemy had visited this Lindholm Holy Mountain, I would have gone out of hand."

Although Merea thought that it does not appear to be that way, on the other hand, only a spirit body that was filled with regret could be seen in the Lindholm Spirit Mountain, so it could not be totally denied.

The spirits were full of rationality, but they were like that only until the time the last of them is swallowed by the [Heavenly Sea of Souls] .

— But for vessels of regret, I wonder if I got too involved

They were aware to some extent of the signs of involvement.

However, if you borrow the previous words of Flounder, the first thing is that Merea was born as a vessel to dispel the spirits of regret, so they should speak indifferently.

"But-"

Suddenly , the thoughts of Merea about Flounder were cut abruptly.

The eyes of Flounder had the same red color as Merea's.

Two pairs of red eyes stared at each other.

"Instead, it sprouted a new regret."

“What is it?”

“I’m worried that you will get killed by the world of today. That is what is keeping me here.”

“ ... ”

They have stopped being pulled.

They have stopped being stuck in here.

Flounder unleashed such words, probably because he already has been called to the [Heavenly Sea of Souls] .

Merea Guessed that.

The roots of regret that had become a spirit body were ready to resolve at Lindholm sacred mountain, ready to be unleashed from wandering in the same place.

But, at the last-minute,

— What should I do to stop pulling back the release of Flounder.

What should I do.

How, will Flounder be relieved.

“- That’s what I’ve heard from Heavenly Dragon Clautice, thus those who have been labeled as a Demon Lord in a loose way, seem to be showing signs of decline.”

Once Merea is no longer worried, Flounder continued talking.

“decline...”

Merea had heard the story from Clautice.

That the time had changed and the Demon lord were in decline, now he can clearly understand the meaning and the reason for such a story.

“Because much had to be done to become that way. That way by the time I died, in the

same way that decreased the Demon Lord as an incarnation of corruption, I think I'm the one who took the longest and was the most hunted."

"Isn't there a nation that does not follow the stereotypes of the power of the Demon Lord as a bad thing?"

"There isn't. Because they are looking even at the possibility of the blood of the Demon King. — And, there is a big problem in the order you do things. To determine the destination of the demon lord power, chasing them into a frenzy because their means of escape are closed off, you can not be in a defenseless state, even if you are the Demon Lord. [Once you discard your power we will give up on our own.] do you think that the suspicion and fear will go away? It's hard to discard your power."

— Certainly, discarding your power in a state of being chased sound scary...

Maybe it would not be a positive thing to throw away the power.

That way the state where you are trapped in the forces of the enemy and don't know what's to come does not come. I think so.

Discard your weapons, to discard your power, Dissecting the body, it might come to such a thing.

"The Demon Lord, wondering what to do, I wonder if they fled around in desperation while hesitating."

"The majority is like that – I guess so."

Flounder shrugged, Merea then asked the question again.

"Demon Lords running away... – I already don't know what a Demon Lord is anymore."

"I have said. Not only them, but also you, have a potential to be chased in the same way as them."

"Yeah."

It comes as said, You're right.

Flounder's insight for the future is scary.

Flounder that was able to foresee that [Demon Lord] had been drawn of the [Future Stone Fiunace] , But that was because he was betrayed in the same way such as them, because I know that.

“So, if you wait too long and that happens -”

The next moment, Flounder uncommonly broke the silence and put a hand on each shoulder of Merea in a momentum, such as to approach.

Then with force to the hand, Flounder attracted the shoulder and turned around the body of Merea to the front.

In this state, Flounder said.

“- You are to, please cooperate with the Demon Lords.”

If you see only textually, I would be surprised I’m sure the other spirits would be the same.

Cooperation with the Demon Lords.

In particular, in the past, The spirits not only know was the Demon Lord as the incarnation of corruption, Flounder may have thought I disapproved and [You’ve got what you’re saying]

But I was brought up in order to be a hero, but cooperating with the Demon Lords which is the worst enemy of the hero.

But,

“They are not really a personification of evil, they simply have been caught in the traps of the word [Demon Lord] , if someone was looking for help -”

If such a person is a Demon Lord.

“- I would be glad to lend a hand.”

of course,

“In the same way you try to help them, I’m also trying too, and in doing so they will also try to help me.”

But,

“On top of that, they have been out of hand, if I wanted to take his hand -”

At that time I –

◇ ◇ ◇

Decided to be a Hero for the Demon Lords

◇ ◇ ◇

And,

So you,

– If you make me happy.

“Once you become able to cooperate in doing that, I also am to be protected by them. To them that also wonder if their power is something to be called a Demon Lord. One to protect others, that’s the person I wish to become.”

Surely, the worry of Flounder should have lightened a little.

“-Yup”

Flounder made a complex wry smile, but the happy color seemed to be reflected strongly in the until now bitter smile.

Flounder looked up to the sky, while intercepting the sunlight with his hand, he continued his words.

“I recalled their regrets at the monologue. You from here, in order to realize those

words properly, I won't force you to do it. I'll say a few things out loud to organize my thoughts, it's okay if you want to hear it."

Flounder floated the usual smile

"Understood"

I wasn't going to slip away, but Merea returned.

There was a silence of a few seconds, But then flounder began speaking the small words.

Merea on his words, was just quietly listening.

"I was once killed by those who I thought were my friends. Comrades of the same country. After defeating the Demon Lord, they asked for my power once more. My power called [Technique God] . My special power, was something very useful in the era of war."

[Technique God Flounder · Crow Evil Eyes] .

It's a power to see thought the composition method of a technique in a moment.

If there is a solid understanding and an operation type ability , it would be nearly invincible.

"Techniques are always a threat. Like demon flesh that ends up penetrating a tyrant the more an intense a technique, the composition of a technique can be seen by the evil eyes. Making events in the formula to make strong attacks more easily that is otherwise out of this world, it was easy to contribute to a large-scale battle."

Without making a cannon, the side that would shoot a cannon in a more conventional way, there is the right composition.

"Both on the strategy and tactics, who is powerful and easy to use. I had a specialized eye for techniques , they were eager to have me, as their [Tool] – But"

Flounder sighed, and continued from it.

“I refused, refused to become their tool. To them, I was told to come and destroy the nation without any of the techniques for which I found funny. For the peace of my homeland I trained. In order to repel the near Demon Lord at the time. –not at all to invade innocent countries.”

The eyes of Flounder were serious.

And Merea finally at that time noticed, first was to keep an eye on [A certain nation] and second he noticed that [Flounder · Crow] was the person.

Flounder was the Hero that was called for the first time as a Demon Lord.

At the same time, I know that Flounder refused the unreasonable request of his homeland to him because of his own pride,

– Really, I guess flounder really was a hero.

I was convinced of so.

In those days that Flounder was trying to rush in an era of war, it may have been a clumsy way of life.

Maybe it was wishful thinking.

If to continue being alive, Flounder went with the instructions of his homeland, maybe he would had become a hero of the nation.

But,

Flounder · Crow chose the straight road like an idiot

The road, was a way that Flounder · Crow believed to be the [Hero]

“Thus having refuse once — I was struck by a poison”

Flounder was laughing to his own demise

“This poison, it was a hateful one that gradually worked. To bother using a slow acting poison, it may be because they wanted time to deal with me and to offer me the antidote for a price. Anyway, rather poisonous when you notice. But I had been around because I still believed in my friends, but they were slow to notice the poison, quite slow, no — I was aware, I did not believe that they would betray me at that time and believed that it was me, I was very young and very naive.”

Still,

“And in the verge of having such a tragic last moment, I was not able to not have no regrets”

Wow.

Merea thought in a pure pride that was brought up in Flounder.

“And I regret that I was not able to convince them in the true sense of the term, but there is a regret that I did not care enough about the poison, my life was through with regrets.

— And the poison is around, because the time left is almost gone, it was to be carried out in a hurry that it should do in the end. If my eye is deprived by them, it can also be made to be a seed of war. And, it would not be a good feeling being done that. So, climbing while filled with poison in this Lindholm sacred mountain devoid of people, I put the eyes on the mountaintop. Because I was not one of those that had a sturdy body constitution, I want to compliment the me at that time even now.

Then after achieving that — I died”

It was a Fierce death

Merea felt pain run in his chest.

“Then I became a spirit, while continuing to defend my eyes and friends. Safely, my eye did not pass over to anyone. –Those eyes dwell in the body of Merea. For such reason Merea is like a son to me. So as for me I am delighted with having given the eyes to Merea”

the happy face of Flounder, was burned in the eyes of Merea

“A universal hero does not exist. — though there might not exist such a universal hero. But at least now, the era of heroes is much more diversified than it was in the past, being subdivided. somewhere there is a Hero of a certain country, but for other countries they are a Demon Lord. that kind of thing has happened in this era that is occurring.”

Hero – what a wonder.

It floated someday, such a simple question, what is a demon king, it had emerged in the mind of Merea too late.

“But still, In my eyes he was a hero for someone who would be great, I think so. It’s okay to not be a big hero. I want to protect someone, so even with being a small hero — “

— I want to spread the word about you guys.

Who have raised me on their own, to you guys –

“- Merea, we do not need you to spread about us, You are enough of a reward for us.”

Flounder stopped himself until suddenly, he said such a thing towards Merea, who was in his line of sight.

Like in words, such is the best foresight that Merea knew, it wasn’t the first, but he still was surprised, he weirdly had gotten slightly convinced there.

Maybe it is, and probably is related that life really is over at the end as a spirit, he had gotten satisfied at that thought.

“Severing or regrets, it’s a gift bigger than anything that you could give to us. But you may have not noticed, the spirits that had wandered to here have been able to escape the spell of regret thanks to you. Your soul that is across worlds, if it was not shown to me the figure of us would have been one that is not able to grow up, stuck in here wandering during hundreds of years. there would be only pain trailing in here.”

“ .. ”

The words did not leave Merea’s mouth.

“So Merea now you have to find yourself, we spirits gave you the best battle Technique that we could, and also a way to protect something — We gave and we as spirits taught you. Now it’s up to you whether to use it.”

“I...”

Merea was a case of reincarnation, one that had been leaning against the desires of the spirits.

There would also be no other way.

Without knowing the lower bounds of incarnating, and the old tale that speaks of spirits, values have been formed by social conditions spoken by the Heavenly Dragon coming occasionally.

By it succeeding to have a mind and personality, there is moral, which has been formed from the original incarnation, but it’s only this much.

The Merea that was born from this world, there is no influence of the world.

If Merea had impressed to be alive, but the Lindholm sacred mountain did not have a dream for the world, even of such Merea.

“ [It] is your problem. There is no need to hurry. For you there is a lot of time. In order to find that something, your first priority is to survive. So I give you this mission so that you survive. Your mission is to not be crushed by the world –”

Flounder said so and showed a faint smile.

Finally, Merea and Flounder stopped talking.

—

—

Chapter 9

The wind has ceased on the arrival of time

The wind has ceased, the time has come.

—

—

“It’s about time I go as well.”

“You did well enough to hang on until now, Flounder.”

“Haha, even I am surprised about this tenacity of mine. But it’s better that I leave soon before something even stronger keeps me here. — I hope Merea will wonder me by surviving.”

“It should all right if it’s Merea. Don’t worry in terms of strength. The question is whether there is a will to live in him. After you have disappeared, he will have to get over it or he will die in this world.”

“It’s Fine. Merea is serious about living here. He was dead once, I wonder if that made his will to live.”

“- You’re right.”

“One thing, do tell me.”

“What?”

“I wonder if, Heavenly Dragon Clautice, is friends with Merea.”

“Now, I can’t really answer that. It’s a secret between Merea and me.”

“Haha, That’s a good enough answer.”

At the peak of the Lindholm sacred mountain the wind was blowing because of the current season.

And the Heavenly Dragon had lowered its body to the corner of the Sacred Mountain and had a conversation with the spirit whose limbs had begun to disappear.

“Maybe things will go against the way you want them to be because you help them. However, there is still hope. — We were watching Merea. But, its unlikely that I’ll to be able to watch him anymore.”

“Then I just have to watch.”

“Watch, if Merea is in agony like I was, please help him.”

“I also like Merea. I can hear a lot of interesting things from another world from Merea. Personality... well... It’s one that I don’t hate. –My feelings are directed in a good way, you’ll have to see. You have become the person he will try to reach in his lifetime.”

“I will cherish that.”

The legs of Flounder were almost gone.

“-You’re going.”

“You’re right. It’s the last time — I talk with someone”

“The other spirits are?”

“I think they passed on perhaps in a different location. There are no signs. That’s the same to consider for everyone. It’s embarrassing to have left everything to be done by Merea.”

“You guys are strangely stubborn.”

“It’s because our hero has a strong will.”

“It’s a strange irony.”

The arms of Flounder disappeared, only his face and body remained.

The usual smile was reflected in Flounder’s face.

It was a gentle smile, one that seemed to have a bit of trouble, and reflected a bit of sadness somewhere, a strange smile.

“Please say to Merea that I said [I’m sorry to leave you behind.] .”

“I’ll do just that.”

“ [Thank you] had been written already. The moment Merea awakes he will see it, those words.”

“Really.”

“Oh, tell him after that about the [Demon Lord Hunt] , or not, I already explained it if you don’t want to talk about it. But because it’s a story that no matter how many times you hear it isn’t enough, I think it’s better to explain it”

“I know.”

“It’s likely that Merea will be labeled as a Demon Lord. I wonder, is there a specialized technique in the hands of a Demon Lord in the stories you heard?”

“Oh. It’s the same type of your evil eyes. Yours are still better because they are a superior technique, But it will be told to the Demon Lord that yours, [Technique God’s Evil Eyes] , are now gone. It is a force that can help a war, the other side will be vulnerable. It’s that kind of story.”

“That’s all I want you to do.”

“In order to get a stronger force, a strong person, a Demon Lord can be convenient. Because nations rashly use the power to crush those who oppose it, the characteristic that they’re bad gets stronger. They will be crushed even if they’re only different.”

“Really... Such a convenient word. It looks like everything but that has been hidden. There isn’t a such a meaning to the word. If you know it, you can’t say it.”

“Let’s say that if what you want really happens. This is an era of factions. I do not remember if it was always like this, the factions were changed many times. But my memory was always like that. If you win you get away with everything. It’s an era where power is placed on top and you can’t complain that the leader is stupid if he is strong — or they can be foolish and create a sweet country.”

“A foolishly sweet country huh...”

“If I can say, an attitude that is not stuck by pride is a noble one.”

“-Yeah.”

At that moment Clautice and Flounder had the name of a certain country in mind.

“If the demon lords were to stop having to run away, I’m sure it would be because of that country.”

“If there is an escape. And, if that escape isn’t immediately destroyed. If such a place is to be taken in the hands of the faction who wants power, they would certainly obtain the whereabouts of the Demon Lords.”

“Well, if such a country were to possibly obtain the whereabouts, make sure to tell Merea.”

“Do not say that. If you are thinking about the countries which I was the head of, it is not the kind of country it was when I left anymore. It’s not even funny.”

“Haha, that’s right.”

Flounder’s form began to shake, his face and body had begun to turn into particles in the air like a fog, and his words became distorted.

“When Merea is labelled as a Demon Lord, When such a time of trouble arrives — Tell him to survive in the east of the continent and aim to enter [Remius Kingdom] , I’ll leave for you to tell him that there is the core form of [Sweetness] . If it’s you doing so, I’m sure it will help Merea.”

Clautice checked that the name of the country that Flounder said was the same that of the one on his mind, and nodded for him to be at peace of mind.

“That’s... the hometown of Lei Lace.”

“...Yeah.”

“- Did he ask?”

“What?”

“What has become of that kingdom right now.”

“-Yeah. It’s the same as it was with me, I also had predicted that Merea would ask that. Clautice remembered the Remius Kingdom the same way I did, that place is likely to have the thing Merea wants.”

“Indeed. They went in to a good direction after I left.”

“And, where the hometown of Lei Lace was, now, is the country that the Remius King reigns. I told him just what he most likely needed to know. It’s a strange thing to have half-hearted regrets remaining.”

“–Really.”

“Not that I should be interfering with the current era. After all — I’ll leave that to those that are currently living.”

Suddenly, Flounder’s face that was fluctuating looked up to the sky.

Clautice soon did the same

“Even so, Lei Lace has gone ahead. For the wife to go first, but I will soon follow.”

Flounder’s face wasn’t visible, but Flounder certainly shot a smile towards the sky.

“Because Lei Lace did not have a calm personality despite her appearance.”

“Fufu, yeah.”

Clautice also, was looking towards the sky, and shot a smile which couldn’t be held in.

“_”

Silence

The wind died down.

– It feels like the world had stopped.

That is — when partings had to be done.

“I’ll soon go to where she is.”

“...oh.”

The eyes of Heavenly Dragon Clautice had a tinge of sadness.

“Then at last. I will go to the [Heavenly Sea of Souls] ”

“Oh. — Soul trapped in regret, now is the time to unlock the spell that has kept you here. — Farewell, spirits of the past.”

That day, in a place that Merea was unaware, the spirits who were at the Lindholm sacred mountain had ascended in to the sky and cut off their regrets.

Merea would know that they were gone after a few hours.



Merea was dazed in the stone hut that stood on the sacred mountain, the voice of the Heavenly Dragon echoed to the inside of the stone hut.

When he went out of the hut, Merea heard about Flounder from Heavenly Dragon Clautice.

“-”

He was speechless.

However, a smile floated in the face of Merea, one that was very similar to the strange smile of Flounder’s.

To Heavenly Dragon Clautice, the face of Merea which floated the smile seemed to overlap with Flounder’s.

“...I knew. The time I was with Flounder amount to barely ten years. The long time I spent growing up with them... I... because of everyone... had realized that... -”

One tear fell from Merea’s eyes, then drop from drop they began to fall like an overflowing torrent.

“- I’ll make everyone’s graves now. After that I’ll begin my descent to the lower part of the mountain.”

"A tomb."

"Because everyone was a spirit of the past. They were probably forgotten. But as the proof that they indeed lived as proud heroes, I want to stand on that world. They were betrayed, they failed too, still, I want for them to become heroes, they were the hero for me who wanted salvation. I think they're amazing."

"-Yeah, that's right."

"So, to prove that they were indeed a hero, I will leave here a mark. Their feelings that never weathered."

"you will go down to the lower part of the mountain, to do what?"

"I'll go find it."

"Now the world is enveloped in the dark colors of war. There is no such thing as universal values. Therefore, the universal hero that we originally looked at in Flounder, no longer exists. "

"I know. Flounder also said so. So I think that I would be the hero for the things that I want to protect. It was their fundamental spirit. So now is a hero for Flounder. They wanted it to live in me. A hero to fulfill their hope, I will be standing here."

"- I see. If it's like that I'll keep praying that you become a hero for the living."

"Yeah, thank you Clautice."

"While I was saying I also put a bit of irony -"

"The irony of Clautice would be to have good thoughts for me?"

"Haha, As always you are quite a bit cute huh... Oh well there is too much to like about you. — I even have a bit of affection after this long. That's it. — Well, the clouds have been rising. I suppose it's time I go."

"Yup."

The sky as they looked up from the peak of the sacred mountain, was as if the clouds were calling.

"-Then bye."

"Yeah, see you later."

“Yeah.”

Heavenly Dragon Clautice disappeared into the sky.

Merea was the only person remaining at the peak of Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

That day [Merea · Mea] – was finally alone.

Final: 【The Spirits and the Demon Lord】

Start: 【The 22 Demon Lords】

【ACT 1】

THE 22 DEMON LORDS

Chapter 10

Grief of the Sword Empress

One woman who had climbed the Lindholm sacred mountain that day, stood wearing tired eyes.

“That’s a dangerously steep mountain.”

The woman murmured in a low voice while looking up at the peak of the sacred mountain.

“And to be sent to my death because I was a descendant of a Demon Lord, quite the tyranny. And the last line drawn, was that when the Demon Sword of the clan was passed to me they weren’t even able to hide their greed.”

The woman was of a family that had been referred as a descendant of a Demon Lord.

“But– I was driven out. Forced to climb the sacred mountain which has spirits all over, but they probably haven’t noticed.”

When there is an opportunity, I want to put the holy sword at the legendary mountain’s peak.

If there is one thing able to save the world, that kind of dream-like holy sword.

“– It’s silly, I’m with only my Demon Sword in hand, one that is focused on killing, a Life-Eating Demon Sword...”

The image that she had failed to practice enough came floating to her mind.

She was cornered, and was forced to do what they wanted.



They had been poor in the term of mercenaries per city-state.

A country at the east of Lindholm sacred mountain.

In the current world, which had been died in the strong color of war, the mercenaries are in demand.

And also her body, which they wanted it to fight.

Her family's honor is on her, she has been passed one of the Demon Lord [Series].

The number of Demon Lords called [Sword Emperor] had diminished, they were either forgotten by the people or were finished.

But that Demon Sword became the reason why it still exists in the world.

[Demon Sword Krisher]

Once , her ancestor asked for a sword that could frequently kill, as a result of spending many of the ancestors lives, the Demon Sword was born.

Thus wielding a Demon Sword, the clan formerly boasted a strong armed force and was said to be a brave mercenary group called [The 38 heavenly sword brigade].

Thirty-eight people, thirty-eight swords.

A heavenly ceremonial sword was given to them, that's why they had such a name.

However, such a great mercenary group ended up being called Demon Lords.

As a Demon Lord with an [Emperor Series] , her family was allowed a new start.

— If it was as a mercenary that fights their enemy.

Because.

Once hired, they could become an allied force, but they could become a big enemy on another battle.

Mercenaries lend forces to those who paid money.

Mercenaries do that kind of work.

There are some who will ridicule them for battling all the time.

But in the era of war, from a nation that does not have its own army, mercenaries that provide their strength for gold are a welcome presence.

Therefore, mercenaries must be honest with their work.

So, having open relationships was not something that helped.

However,

— Those who first hired them, now appeared as an enemy calling them traitors.

The ancestor of that time, which boasted a superior strength, had been called Demon Lords.

Right now on this era, although the term of Demon Lord had been affixed to someone for a variety of specific reasons, in the case of her ancestors it was a crucial reason.

It shouldn't be unexpected for them to hold a grudge.

Those feelings can be understood, but the label of Demon Lord that has been affixed in that era, also affect this era.

In fact, at first I tried to live a decent life away from the sword.

But, the Demon Sword came back again, and again to my hands.

If that would be because I had the blood of the creator of the Demon Sword flowing through my body.

And then, as if I was engaged in an argument with the Demon Sword, in another place the blood of the mercenary family was boiling.

As if it had been decided in advance, it was a forced invitation to fight.

— Well, Even I, eventually, ended up in their hands.

I tried serving and cooking, such as a maid, I did a variety of things, but not even one worked.

Their interest wasn't in that.

So when the dazzling gold of the mercenary industry presented itself, they sent myself to battle.

Now that the wait for the battle was over they were vibrant.

Gold went into their hands, but they no longer stayed away from battles.

They would drown in the heat of battle.

This should not remain like this.

So I thought.

While I was not apart from the Demon Sword.

I would be better off dead, with the Demon Sword through my throat, and by the time I began to think such exaggerated thoughts, I had already been wrapped by the sight of battle as a mercenary with the Demon Sword.

But, there is a turning point.

Those who supported the Demon Sword were chased out.

They were chased out, they ran away.

They will dig up the blood of the [Sword Emperor] that is lodged in this body of mine, because I was always swinging my sword. –and to die as a Demon Lord, and.

— What's a Demon Lord.

There can be reasoning if the other party has been defeated by mercenaries.

But I do it alone, I was asked to help them with the Demon Sword as an ally.

— I hate this war.

Drowning myself in battle like a mercenary.

At least for someone who wants to swing the sword.

They would not make it a heroic action.

They also knew.

The aim to be a [Hero] for those who have no military power, like a former ancestor — was no longer there.

— I am now a Demon Lord

In short, a label that does not peel off, had been attached to my back.

When I realized that my impulse is the same as my former ancestors, I was already being chased as a Demon Lord.

I was chased, I ran away, my head was in a mess.

I no longer knew what to do.

I wish there were guidelines to live a good life.

Because to die, after all— I still was scared.



“A little more till the mountain’s peak.”

There were many bodies of beasts along the way, and there were many of those who got of their bodies to form a spirit body.

The Demon Sword that specializes in single-mindedly killing, it seems that even spirits, can be killed by it.

Although the spirits that you hear rumours about may not be truly sliced, those that fall into the rank of weak and animal spirits, those spirits were dissipated in one swing.

I thought it was a bad thing, but surely that was the way it was supposed to be if they were to attack you.

Then the woman reached the peak of the Lindholm sacred mountain.

A man was there.

Harboring a beautiful snow-white hair, he was a man whose appearance transcended the living.



The man burned a large stone with a mysterious white flame, he was knowledgeably modeling something.

It was clumsily elongated and had a rectangular shape, it had characters carved in the surface.

— A name?

This time, he pierces the ground with it, setting it up like a grave.

“...”

The woman while observing the man who was at the mountain's peak, took the first step.

Gravel, the sound it made as if calling, but the man did not turn around.

— Some kind of doll. Or some kind of ghost.

“I'm sorry. Because my hands are a little tied up now, if there is something you want me for, please wait for a bit.”

The man said that without turning around.

The breath of the woman retracts, as if not believing his voice.

It's as if the voice is healing, was leaked in surprise.

"Those are... for people?"

"That's right."

"They are?"

"Tomb for the people who raised me."

With such a simple exchange, the woman grasped that the man is a human.

Building the tomb for someone.

It would be a human.

There was such a confidence in the woman.



Oddly enough, the work of the man was followed through day and night.

Because it does not end even though it has been going on forever.

I wonder what on earth made him do graves for several people.

The woman pierced the ground with the Demon Sword and was watching the man with her robe shaking in the wind.

The man is intently burning of the stone with the white flame in his index finger.

"How many graves are you planning to make?"

The woman who could no longer endure asked the man.

"A hundred."

"Hu~n- hundred huh..."

Something like such a feminine voice is not like me.

Such a number had surprised me.

“ .. ”

The woman was looking at the back of the man.

Then finally,

“If you want — I’ll help you. What I mean is that since I climbed the Lindholm sacred mountain I might as well do this, It’s not like I want to do it.”

So I said.

Half-lie, Half-truth.

“Really? I’m happy. So please do help me. The stones over there give them to me in order.”

But when I heard the happy voice of the man, it was all.

“All right.”

The woman took off her robe, it was wrapped around the hilt of the Demon Sword several times.

The Demon Sword was kept as it was, pierced on the ground.

Because inside the robe were thin clothes, the mountain wind would feel chilly, but it will warm immediately if one were to move.

“– Ah.”

“Hmm?”

Then suddenly the man stopped his movements, and moved his line of sight towards the woman.

The man had a red pupil which had a mysterious glowing light.

“I’m Merea. [Merea · Mea]”

“I’m [Elma · Elisa]. Our ages are probably the same, so you can call me Elma without the honorifics.”

“Then call me Merea. — Well, best regards, Elma.”

He did not ask me anything except for my name.

When I would ask if there was a deep meaning, because there was nothing I knew I would break the strange space needed without thinking, until the tombstone were completed I decided to diligently work silently.

— Trapped in those circumstances, but in this way it’s not bad to have something innocent.

It might have been escapism.

But, Elma thought so genuinely.

This strange situation, she had began to look forward to it a bit.

Chapter 11

Sorrow of the Devil

A girl with a body that seemed it would break if touched, had begun climbing the Lindholm sacred mountain that day.

“...I wonder if... I can climb it.”

She already had climbed much of it, but there was still anxiety inside the chest of the girl.

Her own Demon Eyes had confirmed that the most gentle climbing route was from the north side.

[Evil Eyes of the Devil]

It had an ability that was kind of like a far sight, but because the perspective is limited to above, it was called so.

They said it's the eyes of the [demon living in heaven].

And because of that, my family has been labeled as Demon Lords.

The far sight would forecast that which does not wish to be seen of the people.

They were afraid of it.

And they were the ones, that have begged for and wanted our clan to lend their power.

They at first welcomed lending the power of far sight, but later they realized the threat that was lurking.

In particular, the fear that you've got once you have contact with someone.

The Evil Eyes are something bad.

And again when to have a relationship with a person or not, is something very dangerous.

— Me, I have nothing...

I had the [Evil Eyes of the Devil] since my birth.

The Demon Lord lineage attached the issue of the [Devil]. — A blood lineage.

Even though it is at the lowest ranking of the [Devil Series] but, nevertheless, it still is a subject of fear.

It did not have strength except for the [Evil Eyes of the Devil], it's probably one of the reasons why that could not become a [King Series] or a [Emperor Series].

— Mom, Dad.

A month ago, My parents were killed.

They were getting out of the way before someone from two generations before used the [Evil Eyes of the Devil], living such as to as much as possible not have contact with the people of the [Devil] clan.

And yet, they've been chasing.

Once they came to borrow a convenient power, but once you temporarily take distance once, they turn into enemies.

If it's that scary, then I wish to ask to never have lent strength from the beginning.

I wish I had no contact.

Again, allow me to do it again.

Even if I think so, It's too late.

The girl also had been chased by them.

At the cost of her father and mother, and into her ear the vague desire had been

whispered to [Somehow Survive] – And she ran away.

While using the [Evil Eyes of the Devil] she only cared about finding a place where the pursuers would not find her, no matter where it was.

I welcome the Evil Eyes to myself, I don't fight against the power.

I wonder if I should really run forever.

Before the me that has escaped in a half-dazed state, there was the Lindholm sacred mountain.

Here the spirits who still have regrets gather.

Maybe I might have ancestors here.

There might be, and father and mother might have too.

It's not like the only choice is to run away, It's better yet to go looking for them in the sacred mountain, the girl was determined to climb the mountain.



I have found along the way some spirits and mountain beasts, but I have managed to not be found thanks to the Evil Eyes.

I can't afford to go back after coming all the way up here.

Cold wind has been hitting against my body, the ground surface mixed with the occasional snow came to be entangled with my legs.

The cold air had been hitting against the cheeks so much it had gone numb, I climbed up the mountain innocently.

Then finally, I arrived at the mountain's peak.

And there were a young man who had a beautiful snow-white hair and bright red eyes and a beautiful woman with black hair.

— Why... would someone be here

Those youths have appearances that are like from another world, or better yet, that seemed like they were ghosts.

But the woman had an animated appearance.

A little wet with sweat, one could feel the charm in her black hair.

having good skin, it was a moderately trained body.

The fine body that would make you say it has no fat.

The woman is tall, she appears to be much taller than myself, there is also her back that is extended like a pin.

She is smaller than the young man next to her as expected, but she was taller than a woman normally was, so you can feel her strength.

— What should I do.

I wonder if I should say something.

When I worried, a voice came from the other side.

While feeding the curiosity to look towards the young man, I had began spinning words.

“You also lost someone?”

“Oh, hmm... Well...”

I’m no good at talking with someone.

Because of the Demon Eyes, I have lived away from people.

“Because I am separated does not mean I will attempt to do something, you do not have to strain yourself. — rather, because it’s pretty much the first time I talk with people of the lower bound, I’m tense.”

I wonder if that is tense.

I can see something like a leeway, but could it be that is his original atmosphere.

The way he speaks, though wearing a somewhat loose air, it feels like an approachable person.

In contrast to the transcendental appearance, I received a somewhat friendly impression from the young man.

“Is... that so?”

“Yeah. It looks like you made her put her guard up. Hey now, it may seem that we didn’t because we are concentrated in this grave making, but I just met this person.”

“Fufu, Something interesting, right”

I wonder why I thought that way, but it’s the subtleties of your own mind, a clear answer is not found.

But, it’s certain that the vigilance in my heart has melted when I saw him shrug his shoulders in an exaggerated manner.

The beautiful woman pointing at the gravestones on the ground cheerfully floated a soft smile.

It seems I have somehow got myself into a strange place.

—... I did not meet mom and dad.

I met with two mysterious people instead.

The peak of the Lindholm sacred mountain makes me have the impression that the outside world influence does not reach here.

Thanks to that, not being only chased, a room in a bit of my heart was born.

“Me too, the... grave? — for making it, can I help out or not...?”

“Of course. I appreciate it. So, yeah... so that the graves pierce the ground and not fall,

help us by finding small stones to fix the base in place.”

“Yeah, I understand.”

This young man talked too much that I felt I was not speaking with the same person.

There is a sense of intimacy felt.

“Oh, I’m Merea.”

Suddenly, the young man said the name as if he just remembered.

The young man, however, did not ask my name.

He quickly cuts his gaze, and [It’s because we didn’t want you to say it if you didn’t want to say it.] came to show a behavior that includes care about the person in question.

“Oh, hey!”

“Hmm?”

“A, Aizu. My name... is [Aizu]”

I did not have the courage to expose my family name.

This long-awaited encounter may be broken up with the issue of the [Devil] clan.

But, I wanted them to know my name.

Because the ties of knowing each others names — I wanted that.

“I see. Well, best regards, Aizu.”

“Y, yeah!”

The girl dropped off the baggage at the appropriate location, and rolls up the long sleeve of her clothes.

Then, close to the grave of stone standing about had already been tens, she was going to fix the base of the graves with pebbles.

— I wonder whose graves it is.

although the name had already been carved, none of it has a space.

It's isn't the same family name too.

I wondered, but because it was likely to break this space, rather than to ask, I was decided to work in silence.

Chapter 12

Do the Demon Lords believe in fate?

“Things that look like a ghost have been appearing in the edge of my view since a little while ago, it must be my imagination.”

“You’re annoying. Isn’t it obvious that it’s the real thing. Think of where we are. It’s not a commonplace, it’s the L-i-n-d-h-o-l-m S-a-c-r-e-d M-o-u-n-t-a-i-n.- The sacred mountain, isn’t it obvious.”

“Well, I’m troubled to say [There are ghosts in the Sacred Mountain in surplus]. Since the only thing I believe in the world is money.”

“It’s not like a Demon Lord to be like that.”

“But aren’t you a Demon Lord? [Flame Emperor] was it? — How terrible. It’s not even an Emperor Series. I fear my coins and money will likely be burned.”

“And I think you’re [Alchemy King]. It feels really suspicious.”

“I’m suspicious? Say that to my ancestors, They with imperfect alchemy did unscrupulous business. This is so Beautiful! Such Innocence! Stuck with the infamy of a Demon Lord who handles unscrupulous business of the ancestors! And in the end they said for me to give them all my fortune!”

“And so you had to escape from that nation to somewhere else.”

A girl who had a flashy long red hair and a well dressed young man, had climbed the Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

The man who had a pretty face was carrying a bag on his back.

The girl who had a long red hair was carrying an elegant looking handbag, she, with a strong grip, was holding arms with the man.

“What about you?”

“Me? I — had been told to give the [Scarlet Flame of Life] which for generations was of our clan.”

“Did you run away without doing it?”

“Yeah, because it’s like this, if I gave them that, the war would spread again, so if the sacrifice increases because of that, what will become of the [Flame Emperor] clan? [Creating such things]. It’s a great responsibility to be passed, a nation is chasing me.”

“That seems to be some hard work.”

“Well. My name has disappeared from the spotlight, Although I was living heart-warmingly thanks to your kindness, I want to turn back. Hah... I finally entered Aiose’s School for a brief moment.”

“Huh, The academic city is pretty good.”

“Right? I have worked so hard, I don’t have parents, our assets and so on have been nominated by the state as of a devil’s and we even have to desperately earn money by ourselves?”

“It’s great, I’m doing business using that money.”

“The gold of the deceased, so refreshing.”

“I prefer that than to be called [Alchemy King]”

A red-haired girl and a young man climbed the Lindholm Sacred Mountain steadily while talking.

Although there were several beasts on the way, the girl repels them unprecedentedly using crimson flames.

The girl was a great technique user.

The girl’s flame fluttered like a living bird, burning and killing the beasts.

And then, after a few minutes.

Finally they arrive at the summit of the Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

There, stood a man and two women.



“Eh? Why are there people here?”

“I don’t know, please ask them.”

The man shrugged his shoulders and the woman rolled her eyes.

“I wonder what’s happening. For some reason there are a lot of visitors today, even though there has never been a person here.”

Unexpectedly a man with snow-white hair and bright red eyes gave a look and talked about them.

“Finally, I was treated like a decent person.”

“Are you saying I treated you wrong?”

“No, No matter how fancy your red hair is, or how much your face is like a bad demon—What are you doing! Please Stop! I’m fragile! Please don’t crush it!”

“W-h-o is like a demon.”

“A woman who is well-seen like a woman is outrageous, isn’t she? there are some of my ancestors who have been forgotten because of a beautiful woman who was a diplomat of a certain country. [First suspect a beauty as a Devil or a Demon.] Was said by them.”

“Don’t compare me with that.”

“Okay, I understand, but please understand that you shouldn’t squeeze the sides. Meat can break.”

While doing such an exchange, the two observed the three people working on something over there.

Then the voice of the man with the white hair reached them again.

“Are you guys free?”

“Yes, I’m free”

“I’m free but I’m not free”

“What are you talking about? Are you not that good at talking with people? Did you go well in the school of Aiose?”

“Think a little about it, it has a deeper meaning, I’m not free from being chased, but since I haven’t decided yet on what to do, I’m free.”

“That’s inconvenient... I can imagine things such as mind reading.”

From the other side”This time it’s noisy... it got somewhat brighter.”there was such a voice.

“What will you do if we have time?”

“I’m making some tombs, if you guys are free can you please help me?”

“Hmm, well- ok.”

“Oh, you guys are accepting?”

“Since I have nothing to do.”

“That’s it?”

“It seems I can forget something disgusting.”

“Well, it seems like there is a point to it. Let me help too.”

Then they started to help a small girl to build stones around the tombs.



On that day there was an unusual number of people on the mountaintop of the Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

After a comfortable young man and a red-haired woman came, one person, two people, three people.

A total of twenty-one people if noticed. Twenty-two people including Merea.

– What is this?

As expected, I can't help to be the one to say it.

Merea finally spins such words in his heart.

Until the second little girl I thought it was something of a coincidence.

However, with so much gathering, it's impossible to feel some form of hardship.

And when everyone came to the top of the mountain, they began to help him make a grave

Some of them started to help without saying words.

It's strange.

Really strange, but still–

It's true that it wasn't a bad atmosphere.

– There is no need to ask about anything.

Rather, as I forget something, I will keep making tombs.

The work efficiency increased in proportion to the number of people, and Merea's work was only to mark the name on the stone at the moment.

When he finishes writing a name, another tombstone slips from his side.

It's the beautiful woman with the [Maid Dress] that performed the role of sliding the tombstones.

– This is crazy

To climb the sacred mountain dressed in a maid costume, but looking closely to the back of the maid there is a sheath of two daggers.

– What a dangerous maid.

There was something glittering at the heel of her leather shoes.

Enough. It's enough.

The impression wasn't just a thing that got burned to the back of Merea's brain to say he dislikes.

Still, being a beauty complemented even more the strangeness.

The woman with a sword who came to the summit for the first time was also a beautiful woman, but this maid fills the word beauty completely

It's an inorganic beauty, like a doll.

it was as if a sculpture that was not likely to collapse.

"This next."

"Ah, yes."

With a tombstone again, Merea scoured his body like he was frightened and carved a name on it.

Also, it's sent to the person standing next by the maid, and it is carried further and farther by the bucked brigade system.

The maid delivers the next tombstone in front of Merea.

A tombstone with quite a weight in a minute, and the maid's strength which I take is also a powefulness that does not suit those fine arms.

Finally, the hundredth tomb is finished, it's sent to the next person by the hand of the maid, and it's sent to a person with two meters wearing a full metal whole body armor and a bastard sword, and sent to a mysterious beauty youth with a mysterious smile.

The end of the relay was the sword-bearing black-haired Elma, who visited the sacred mountain at the beginning of the event, with her hand grinding the last tombstone into the ground.

"Fuu..."

Finished.

Merea gets a big breath and wipes the forehead's sweat.

"Fuu..."

He exhales as much as to say that the people around me also finished the task.

Then there is a silence of just a few seconds —

"– Who the hell are you guys!!"

Merea Shouted.

The sound resonated well at the summit of the Lindholm Sacred Mountain.



The surrounding people listened to the voice of Merea and send a line of sight to those who were nearby.

"Who are you?"

"No, no, who are you?"

Such voiced risen from here and there, finally the line of sight is heading towards Merea,

"Well, who are you?"

They were appealing.

In the meantime, as all the voices have been put together, [Elma] Says the words clearly.

"I did not think that there was a person at the top of the mountain of Lindholm Sacred Mountain, but who is Merea?"

"Me? I am–"

Merea was at a loss to how he would explain.

Would they believe if he told them he was brought up by spirits of the dead that left him in this sacred mountain.

Then when he was saying it, another voice came up from a little far away.

A red-haired girl found a [Future Stone Fiunace] that was scattered near the side of Merea's hut, with a strange flame bird on her shoulder, looking at the letters written there.

"This future stone fiunace is unusual, which makes it quite difficult to trust because it changes the content virtually, but one of the possibilities is presented and it's quite funny- that is, [Demon King] It's written, is this yours?"

That said, the girl with the red hair gave the future stone to Merea.

- Oh, have I not broke you yet?

"Ah..."

While losing the voice he had extended, Merea was at a loss for words as to how to reply.

Everything flew back and again. When he thought that a good story had flowed, he felt that the beast was waiting this time next to it.

Will it not be strange if he told them he was a Demon King?

In the lower bound, He heard a story that the conquest of kingdoms were aiming at the power of the Demon Kings.

If Merea is troubled like that,

"What, are you also a Demon King?"

Such voices came flying from people.

"Eh?"

“I’m also a Demon King, precisely the descendant of a Demon King — Perhaps, is it the same for everyone gathered here?”

Everyone starts to exchange words with each other noisily.

“I am also a descendant. I have been driven by a nearby city-state army”

“Me too”

“That’s what we are saying, I think it’s a work of this age”

“It’s convenient, right?”

“This is always the case as the war will start in the near future”

With Merea in hand, the realities of those gathered quickly became apparent

And Finally, He fidgeted to say that he could not put up with it, while Merea spun his words loudly as if gathering all eyes.

“Really, is everyone the descendant of a Demon King?”

“–Apparently”

On that day, everyone believed in the existence of the phenomenon called Fate.

Chapter 13

The words for the first time have colors

TLN: I will change "Demon Kings" to "Demon Lords" from now on. I'm also thinking about Elma's sword's name, the choices are "Krisher" or "Krishura", tell me what you think in the comments, I'll be using "Krishura" during this chapter so that you guys can see how it feels.

It was quick to understand the information.

Merea doesn't really know information about the lower world.

However, in order to complement the missing information rapidly, he listened to their words while speaking with the demon lords.

Then, some facts came to be highlighted.

"Did everyone come to the Lindholm Sacred Mountain as a result of escaping from pursuers who wanted the power of the demon lords?"

"There is no mistake as long as you listen to the story. The problem is that there were people being pursued from all directions, whether this is accidental or not, it is a very difficult situation."

[Sword Empress] Elma followed the words of Merea.

And, as Elma says, Merea also thought that a priority should be given to the circumstances when they have pursuers from all sides, east, west, north and south.

"Well, that, if pursuers gather from all directions now — It will be a big deal... right?"

They were easily found to be in a bad predicament.

Somehow, they were aware of the state of escapism they were in until now.

[Please wait a moment. I didn't make tombs with this in mind.]

They might have been stuck in the moment and may have been thinking about what to do while being confused and distracted, but if possible they wanted to know earlier what Merea's real intention was.

When Merea groaning asked the Demon Lords that were there, Elma answered the question rightly.

"It may be so, although it has been said that it is largely divided into four sides, if there are so many Demon Lords we will be buried from all directions, we are just expecting the pursuits that come from the same direction to have a conflict."

"To have a conflict..."

"That kind of possibility is big. Because they are seeking the power of the Demon Lords in order to obtain the advantage against the other powers quickly. We are being chased because of the age of war, but because it's the age of war the situation may be a little better."

Elma emphasized that it's only wishful thinking.

"The most troublesome thing is not them conflicting but cooperating. Let's arrange which directions each of you came from so that we can predict that to a certain extent — I'm from the east."

Elma took the initiative and made recommendations.

She said while swaying the demon sword Krishura with one hand and her black hair in the wind.

Then, in answer to Elma's recommendations

"I-I'm from the north"

[Aizu] who visited the summit next to Elma was tidy, but was conveying the information firmly.

After that, a young man carrying a bag and a girl with red hair said.

"I'll be brief. My name is [Shaw]"

“I’m [Lilium]. Lilium · Ausbalt · Claire · Miu –”

“That was long, and time is synonymous with money, that means, it’s a waste of money.”

“– Lilium is fine, Because adding three more names makes it too long. I and this gold-addict came from the west.”

Three sides were no good.

All that is left is the south.

Then, following the two people, the [Maid] who stood as if she was delirious and ordered at the same time shook her silver hair.

“I’m [Mariza]. I’m from the south.”

Mariza bowed to Merea, and Merea received by giving a bow with his head.

“Re-Really?...”

At this point all sides are closed off.

After that, the demon lords repeatedly reported the direction in which they were pursued, and each time Merea’s unpleasant premonition was confirmed.

Unpalatable.

This is probably bad.

Apparently Lindholm Sacred Mountain is going to get caught in an unexpected battle.

Merea felt something close to certainty about that.



But what is it?

If you look at them, they have a thoughtful expression on them.

– Merea, what are you going to do?

What is more important in this situation will be your own opinion.

Merea thought about the puzzle that was in his heart for the first two minutes, but for the other eight minutes he thought.

In the first place, it doesn't fit.

It's an unusual situation that we just met each other.

– Yeah.

First of all is how you think.

Amidst this situation, just [what] has grown in myself when I heard their story?

[What do you want?]

The last thing to believe in at last is surely that kind of [Impulse].

It accurately identifies it.

But in fact, to Merea,

– Something... Please be there.

There was such hope, such thought.

Merea had noticed somewhat that there was no strong impulse to himself.

No, it may be true, but because of me not being involved with the world, its exposure has not yet existed.

So I can't be sure.

An enclosed connection in an enclosed space, with evil.

When you live in the present world, I could not predict what I thought myself.

– Think something properly

I remember the lessons learned by the spirits, their thoughts and such things firmly.

But, as their beliefs, can you set it as the basis of your actions?

I didn't understand because I didn't get involved with the world.

So as he hoped, Merea stretched out his mind to his heart.

Actually, it was a little — frightening.

When I thought of not having anything there, my heart beat earnestly.

– What do you think?

Unexpected visitors.

An unexpected connection.

But thin. — really thin.

A relationship line that does not exist.

– That's it.

Wrong.

For some reason — It's hard to throw it away.

For me it's the first connection with the outside world.

Then,

– They are [Demon Lords].

The former words of Flounder were remembered.

[You are to, cooperate with the Demon Lords.]

Although there is a preface to say that if you are made to be a Demon Lord, it was honestly felt by Merea as it's a decision that was made.

There was something about the future stone fiunace, and Flounder's words that was somewhat confident.

How did you answer at that time?

[Well, then let me aim to be a hero for the Demon Lords]

If they wanted to reach out and wanted their hand to be taken.

I said so.

I seriously said it.

But that was a gray word.

I really do not know if I think like this from the bottom of my mind, If that's the case.

There was such thought.

That's why there is no color on that word.

In relation to the world, that word to have color for the first time.

If so, now is the time that will determine it.

Now, I began to engage with the existence of the world called Demon Lords.

– They have been atrocious.

I did not listen to everything, but as I heard their story about it, it seems to be true for most people.

People persecuted from things that can only be unreasonable or absurd.

The state of the Demon Lords in this era heard from Flounder. The demons of tragedy, covered with a devil's hide. It's like a sacrifice to the era of war.

Trying to look at each individually, it's impossible to judge good and bad words as long as you talk more.

However, when they looked from a broad perspective, they fled so far that they wanted to be saved in spite of being impulsively burdened with unreasonableness.

– Demon Lord.

Apparently, they seemed to be swallowed already in the violence that comes with the word.

– Flounder, everyone.

Merea reminds of the many spirits who have watched over him.

– It was everyone’s urge to want to save someone.

Heroes were born in that way.

A savior.

I still can’t reach them.

There is not even a hand on their shoulders.

In the first place, I may not be a hero to a large number like them.

However,

– It’s true that you think you can’t leave it alone.

There was a certain [Impulse] within Merea.

When he noticed it, Merea remembered the elevation.

At the same time he remembered a little — relief.

I guess that it surely would be able to add color to that word.

[Well, then let me aim to be a hero for the Demon Lords]

In Merea’s mind, that word shone with color for the first time.



“What to do, escape, but we have been surrounded on all sides.”

“The city-nation army who is pursuing me has a military operation corps.”

“Why are you being chased by them?! Which Demon Lord are you?”

“[Sword Empress]”

“Oh, the family of the evil sword... Seriously, [The 38 heavenly sword brigade]. Moving the operation corps as well.”

“It’s not what it used to be, it has been a long time and the name of the brigade has declined.”

“Well, the demon name still is [Sword Empress]. It’s a pretty name.”

“Well, is that the same [Sword Empress] that splits ocean with bare hands?”

“That is a bit of an overlooking tale. — Anyway, I heard roughly, there are a variety of things from great forces to minor forces, perhaps the minor forces are checked by the major forces before coming to the sacred mountain and will be regulated and go back.”

“As a result, the most troublesome thing will approach sacred mountain.”

“haha — I shouldn’t laugh...”

While Merea was thinking, the story was progressing among the other demons.

For some time someone will not set a guideline, the place is unlikely to be settled.

Merea who seized it said in a low voice while trying to smoothly advance the group discussion.

“Well, we have to look for a place where they are the weakest at.”

he said.

The next moment.

An unexpected incident was hitting the spot.

“Wh...! Something... is coming!”

It was a girl’s voice.

The lineage of the demon king [Tenma]. A girl named [Aizu] sensed something and

made everyone pay attention to something.

Immediately afterwards,

A pure white flash penetrated the summit of the Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

It's as if it was a bombardment of light.

Chapter 14

The devil of the white-hair

TLN: I will call those who use techniques by “Artists”, if someone has a better suggestion write on the comments.

“Get down!! it’s a technique artillery!!”

The warning became reality just after.

It was the voice of the voice of the [Sword Empress] Elma.

When everyone heard her voice, it was already running overhead.

The flash of light penetrated obliquely upward from the east.

It scrapes off the rocks and comes off further sideways.

It forced its way through. (Just a guess, the original line is :薙なぎ払いだ。)

It rushed to the sky while melting a corner of the sacred mountain with a huge amount of light and heat.

Thanks to Elma’s warnings, the Demon Lords hid themselves on the spot.

While Merea was lying down in the same way, he suddenly saw that the white flash scraped some of the graves of the spirits.

– What.

That stimulates Merea’s feelings.

Slightly, at last the flash rose to the sky and disappeared, and the silence of everyone came.

At the top of the summit where the light finally passed, Merea glanced towards the

tombs.

The tombs of the spirits still managed to keep intact.

I could not believe the breath of relief that came from me.

But I can't bear it.

He was heading to the corner of the sacred mountain that was gouged to see what released it, and turned his red eyes to there.

Then, it was reflected in his eyes.

“- So many.”

It was a crowd of dozens of people wearing black clothes of the same shape.

They were climbing to a considerable height.

Merea guessed that the technique artillery had been released by several people down the summit.

The remnants of magical power and the lingering of a slight technique constitution that had been finished left in the space are reflected in [Technique God Flounder · Crow Evil Eyes]

“The flag of a black kingdom and a unified uniform with that color. –Mouseegg Kingdom that was chasing me.”

As if to also lie down next to Merea, [Sword Empress] Elma said.

“Recently, in that country the military unification of the neighboring countries has become quite strong, and it's that country that takes the lead in “Demon Hunting” at the same time”

Merea's eyebrows responded swiftly to the word “Demon Hunting”

“Those are Mouseegg's Artist corps, and what they are aiming at the moment — Is the [Demon Sword Krisher] I have”

That's when Elma's hand was holding the handle of the Demon Sword, seeming to be in a so-called attitude.

When Merea strives to grasp the situation, other Demon Lords got closer one after the other, and each one was peeping under their eyes while expressing what they thought on their faces.

"Hey, the second one will come."

One of them warns again when seeing the movements of Mousegg's Artists.

Immediately after, their gazes concentrate on one person.

It was Merea that they turned their eyes to.



Why to focus on Merea?

There were many reasons, but the big reason is that Merea was a bit different from the other Demon Lords.

Only Merea had not escaped.

It seemed that the summit of the sacred mountain was the home of Merea.

The story of living at the mountaintop of the Lindholm Sacred Mountain is somewhat unbelievable, but indeed the Demon Lords remembered that they talked quietly in the middle of the discussion earlier.

That was the [Difference].

Unlike other Demon Lords, [Merea] did not run away, they found to be an easy-to-understand [Difference].

The difference was a straightforward reason for choosing a person.

Yes, after momentary thinking they were trying to trust the next action to someone.

In order for themselves to escape as the same group, it's necessary to delegate the

right of action to someone in this way.

Twenty two Demon Lords gathered together.

If everyone wants to live, the option with the best survival rate is to “cooperate”

On top of that, in order for themselves who have just met to cooperate, they have to abandon the various [Shreds] and unify their opinions even though it was made forcibly.

And when they thought so, thought to whom to give that right, Merea’s appearance came to their minds.

A man who, for a moment, provided a space of comfort for themselves.

Once you see [Difference] in Merea, then another reason starts moving to make the existence of “Merea” [Special] unreasonably.

It was similar to the action when making excuses.

Psychological work that forcibly adds convincing colors to just a trivial factor.

Self-suggestion, Self-induction.

Everyone did it in a short time.

Survival instinct whispered as it should be.

Then they committed to Merea to decide what action to take next.

It would have been a bad conversation for Merea.

It seems that they were badly pressured to press the decision.

A man named Merea now has the life of twenty-one Demon Lords on his shoulders.

The Demon Lords Apologized to Merea in their hearts.

Apologizing but wishing.

Give me a word.

Give me a guideline.

But their thoughts are betrayed in an unexpected way.

From Merea the words for the Demon Lords could not be drawn.

Merea's eye for eye gaze like observation was hardly noticed by the eyes of the Demon Lords.

Therefore, he did not notice the intention of the gaze of the Demon Lords of "Give me words".

Even so, Merea responded to the [Wishes] of the Demon Lords in other ways.

The thought of [Give me a word] betrayed, but he was responding to the fundamental wish of [Give me a guideline]

The Guideline was indicated by an [action].

At the beginning of the action, a low voice of Merea's was released, and it flew towards the Mousegg's artists under the eye.

It was a not so loud voice that they wouldn't have heard.

And it wasn't a word for the Demon Lords.

However, The Demon Lords who were nearby, certainly heard that voice.



"-Do not let it go, the second one, absolutely"

It was a voice with strong resolve.

"Do not break this place."

Those who cut down [their-names] was an easy to understand hostile attitude for Merea.

Merea was standing alone on the rim of the cliff.

It seemed as if the cold wind popping which had been blowing snowstorm at the

summit of the sacred mountain was transformed into majesty surrounding Merea.

The moonlight shined on Merea's snow-white hair, his red eyes warlike, the Demon Lords stood halfway and watched.



A group of Mousegg artillery men were holding hands at one point.

in the space where they were holding hands, huge technique procedures were being deployed.

It is a cooperative technique to be performed by multiple people.

Knitting and activating a technique that can not be knitted with a single manipulative processing ability by multiple people interlocking well.

Although it is necessary to practice for interlocking, event if it overcomes it can quickly activate a powerful technique, so large-scale artificial corps often have these cooperation operation techniques.

The Mousegg ceremonial army's eighteenth was the white light art gun as before.

The power was visibly high.

It is enough to perforate a corner of the sacred mountain.

The event formula is complicated and huge to be proportional to the power.

"It's bad, that, it might be more flashy than before, I knew that Mousegg is making a leap forward, but I did not think that the level of the artistic soldiers were this high."

"What will you do?"

Some of the Demon Lords curse at Mousegg's technique

Like other Demon Lords gave similar bitterness.

— However, only one person, Merea directed his red eyes with a relaxed expression,

"– Aggressive reversal procedure"

It was spinning one word.

Next, looking at the actions taken by Merea, the Demon Lords that were around are frightened.

Merea knitting [Alone] a technique that resembles that of the Mousegg Artistic soldiers under his eyes.

He opens one hand and is turning toward the military soldiers.

The Mousegg side was already completed in the eight percent, and it seemed that the light bombardment was about to fly now.

However, as if to catch up with that technique speed in a moment, the operation ceremony spreads from the palm of Merea with tremendous speed.

“Uwa—”

Someone Looked at it and gave a startling voice.

The Mousegg manipulation soldiers were concentrating on knitting their techniques and did not notice the figure of the [Devil] that was knitting a similar type of manipulation with just one person.

Finally, most of the techniques on the Mousegg side finish knitting and the artists are looking up at the summit to set aim.

Merea appeared for the first time in their eyes.

Snow-white hair that winds over cold winds.

Red eyes that looked down without blinking even for a moment.

It was deployed in one hand —

“_”

Their expressions froze.

Because the lower half of the face is covered with a black mask, not all of the expression can be seen, but there is no blinking.

it's frozen.

One of them finally.

“Shoot, Quickly-!!!”

To the artist who had begun to evoke the active part of the operation ceremony — the voice of the devil sounded on the spot earlier than that.

“– [Black Gun]”

The sparkle of black flash, which closely resembled the white flash of the previous time, was running obliquely downwards this time.

Chapter 15

The word hero is meaningless

“[White Light Gun] !”

Immediately after the dark bombardment was released from Merea’s open palm, a white-fire bombardment was released from the technique operations that the Mousegg artists were knitting.

Bombs of black-and-white collided with each other.

The orbit is the same, the piercing point is mutual.

Direct hit.

Rivalry — Disappearing.

It was a complete offset.

The mighty magical artillery spun by multiple artists was offset by the inversion technique by just one person.

For the Mousegg Artists, it was such a situation that it could be broken into war by that alone.

“I-Impossible...!”

Until just before the black-and-white light offset, they had a little hope.

The hope that Merea’s technique may be [apparently defeated].

It is impossible for only one person to knit a technique that is similar to their cooperative technique. That’s why it is like a vulnerable technique.

— It wasn’t

Merea's black light's bombardment also offset the hope of the Mousegg artist soldiers.

“Hey! I have never heard of such a Demon Lord!! [Sword Empress] wasn't an artist! Why is there such a technique –”

Elma who they were pursuing is the demon who has the name of [Sword Empress] although [Sword Empress] is name after a Demon Sword, it's not the type of knit a technique by itself.

It's a fiercer type who runs on the battlefield with a sword and a sophisticated swordsmanship to the limit.

But clearly there is a different existence from its previous reputation

— This is a Devil.

The same words passed in their minds.



To the Mousegg soldiers who express astonishment, Merea said.

With a strong, well resonating voice.

“Why do you attack?!”

There was an idea as to why the Demon Lords were aimed at.

It was also asked to Flounder, because of listening to heavenly dragon Clautice about the situation.

However, one can't decide the truth about something one does not check himself.

It's a fool's act to abandon thinking.

Especially, Merea who has never seen the situation outside with his own eyes was rather cautious about thinking by oneself and judging genuinely.

Merea asked the Mousegg militia soldiers under the eyes while knitting an artistic

pattern of [Technique God Flounder · Crow Evil Eyes] with his red eyes.

“Why did you shoot the artillery gun without warning?!”

Merea’s voice sounded really well.

So as to shake the air, it passes well.

Apart from Merea, no one notices that it is due to the [Comforting Yurun · Eura Vocal Cords]

In response to the voice of Merea like this, the Mousegg artists of black clothes affixed a ridiculous gesture to the face that seems easy to understand even with the mask, and answered.

That ridicule was the only counterattacking method for their broken heart due to Merea’s inversion ceremony.

“Because we expected that there would be a Demon Lord there, a Demon Lord is an enemy? A mortal enemy. Do you need a warning against such enemy? Rather, you need a preemptive strike.”

It did not say what the Demon Lord is.

Words spun in anticipation of other’s understating that it is such a Demon Lord.

“...I dare ask you, the name of the Demon Lord is...?”

“[Demon Empress] It is the Demon Lord from the Elisa’s family.”

“What did that devil do to you?”

“– nothing?”

“Wh!?!–”

They said unapologetically.

They understand the meaning of Merea’s protest.

How are you going to say anything, they had guessed.

Knowing that he purposely provoked Merea.

That was the only way to support the self-esteem that was broken by the shootout of the artillery.

“The descendants of the Elisa family of this age did not do anything against our Mousegg kingdom. There were maybe a case of hostile mercenaries once or twice, but that is war with that. there is no such thing.”

“Why then...?!”

“Because it is a [Demon Lord]. It’s because it’s [Sword Empress]. The power of a Demon Lord who has reached emperor is really attractive, specially the power of the Sword Empress is in an easy-to-understand form. –The Demon Sword. If we were to rob the Demonic Sword the power of our Mousegg kingdom would become even stronger.”

Emperor. The meaning of the words came to Merea like flying.

However, it is not there that matters to Merea.

Why do they target the Demon Lords who is not doing anything?

The answer is out.

It’s out but–

“Is there a feeling of repelling even a bit there?...!”

“Repel? What do you mean to repel?”

“That way you will be no different from a thief...!”

“If your opponent is a Demon Lord, you will be forgiven, it’s such a label that is the Demon Lord, especially in the current era.”

In the end he smiled at his nose, and the artist added that last.

With a smile with the greatest mockery and fluttering,

“We are the [Heroes]. To kill the Demon Lord for the world — That is a hero! HAHA!!!”

— Rotten

Along with such words, the coldness which ran on the back of Merea ran more.

It wasn't cold that came from being scared or fear.

It was a chill that came from irresistible anger.

The system called Demon Lord is rotten.

In the past it might have been useful as a system to deter tyrants.

but now with the label of Demon Lord as a shield, more brutal people have turned into [Tools] to use violence against us.

And the same is true for the Mousegg artists under his eyes.

There is no hesitation in their words.

He is eyeing for those who seriously think so.

While knowing that it is a sneaky way, it is convenient.

— Rotten

Merea repeated in his heart twice.

At least, the soldiers of the kingdom called Mousegg under the eyes is covered with corruption that is hard to overlook.

Merea judges.

And decides.

Whether or not he should exercise more power on this occasion now.

If so, what should he exercise it for?

To help Mousegg's artistic soldiers who ridicule my eyes?

Do you want to help them with a Demon Lord killing vengeance of empty words?

— No.

Then I will give power to help the Demon Lords.

— For what purpose I piled up my research studies?

It was to respond to the thoughts of the spirits.

— For whar purpose I learned to knit techniques.

To protect what I thought I wanted to protect.

— Are those who are over there really [Heroes] to kill the Demon Lord?

Wrong.

The [Hero] they speak of is also an empty label like [Demon Lord]

The word [Hero to devour the Demon Lord] no longer —

— Has a meaning.



The movement of Merea from there was pleasant and quick.

Mouseegg's artists who noticed the silence of Merea have gradually recovered from the startle of the counter and are beginning to build a calm strategy,

The director of the unit was giving instructions to other artists.

In contrast, Merea counted the total number of artistic soldiers under the field of sight.

“- 56”

Spoken in words.

Then from the side,

“There are ten more people under the cliff, in the back of the cliffs on the left and right, in an out of sight place”

The small girl who visited Lindholm Holy Mountain second [Aizu]. She took her delicate body that was as if it would break if hugged, putting her face next to Merea, sprinkling a word that was awkward but clever.

Merea noticed mysterious patterns on the silver eyes are floating and it seems as if the confident words as if they counted from the sky though the surrounding area were based on the power of some demonic eyes.

So while Merea shows a look that seemed a little surprised at her,

“Okay, could you tell me the location in detail?”

“– Yup”



The girl — [Aizu] had the surrounding scenery seen with a bird’s-eye view.

[Evil Eyes of the Devil]

It is described as [the eye of a demon living in heaven] , which enables long-distance overhead viewing.

At that time she appeared to have the appearance of the surrounding Mousegg technique.

— Three people in the back of the right cliff. Two people on the left. Five people are hiding under the cliffs.

“Three people on that side, two people on the left, five people under the cliffs are lining up at the same interval...”

“All right.”

Aizu said to Merea.

Aizu is Aizu, and is still surprised at Merea’s actions.

A fearless technique of ability to operate.

I could see it was a fence.

I have never seen such an enormous technique to be knitted by just one person and at such a high-speed.

I was surprised to see that Mousegg artistic soldiers knitted a similar type of operation with five people and he did it alone.

In addition, Aizu was worried that Merea’s maneuverable artillery was a technique similar to Mousegg’s white light technique.

— You said you reversed...

I think I can guess.

perhaps, he looked at this opponent’s ceremony and instantly created a similar maneuver.

Also, incorporate a mechanism that will offset each other.

I wonder if he can do such a thing.

— He can do it... It looks like.

It’s a tremendous user.

That he is doing something again.

I guess somewhat from him because I do not have the power to fight.

That which is on yourself is only an eye that sees the surroundings.

It’s at best reliable.

That’s why I used the [Evil Eyes of the Devil], which had been a challenge to use in

front of someone, if at least it could help him.

— Hopefully... it's okay?

The way for us to survive — I wonder if I can ask him...

Chapter 16

The power of the spirits

“I will go as well. When I get there I will break through, I will push through the direction you showed. I have to break through somewhere to survive anyway.”

[Sword Empress] Elma who brought [Demon Sword Krisher] on her right hand called to Merea pulling off the robe’s hood unnoticed.

The moist and black hair was swaying, and the light of a strong will lights in the pale purple eyes of hers.

The demon sword that she carries with her right hand, in accordance to Elma’s battle readiness, was “kikikiki” emitting something like a shrill sound.

There was nothing wrong as a sword except that it had an oddly shaped form, and that there was such a cry from somewhere.

It was a screaming voice that gave shivers down the spine.

“Are you sure you want to do that?”

“Oh, I’ve made up my mind –and it’s me who is being chased the [Sword Empress]. If I escape here, the other Demon Lords will be harmed instead. I only thought that I had to confront Mousegg.”

Elma was running away from Mousegg.

It was because she thought that she could not win even though she could put up a good fight.

The number was too different.

The opponent was a nation.

However, now Elma was prepared for it.

It's because she met other Demon Lords.

Elma repelled the evil hand of Mousegg got stretched out to other demons by escaping by herself.

She wanted to avoid that much.

That was her last intention as a [Sword Empress].

If I'm going to save them in a situation similar to myself, let's take this sword to heaven like my ancestor did.

Because of this situation, at least my heart will be like a [Hero].

Such a determination was born in Elma's chest.

"Mousegg is a powerful country so other demons can escape to a different direction, I do not know if I can stop, but I will do as much as I can."

Elma was serious thinking that it was okay.

But those who did not allow it were nearby.

"That way is no good, it will conflict with my beliefs."

It was Merea.

Merea was spinning clear and denied the words of Elma's self-sacrificial declaration.

Elma honestly, was puzzled.

In this situation, she did not think that there would be a decisive denial.

It would be easier for her to escape if she ran away from Mousegg.

Even if she heard stories from other forces, it was certain that Mousegg was a powerful country to compete against other twelve countries.

"And if Mousegg is a powerful country, will it have an excellent role as a [wall] against other forces due to the powerful nations?"

For reasons such as attaching after that, Elma was able to prepare some opposite

words.

[But even if you break through the Mousegg army, there is a home country beyond that.]

Such words.

Although there was a distance, It was certain that it was a terrible road approaching the mainland of Mousegg.

But Elma couldn't say it.

Because,

— I just decided to give this guy the right to decide on actions... I delegated.

Elma was also mixed among those who saw Merea at that time, in that instant.

Elma had also hoped for Merea before the decision had yet to be made.

Therefore,

— Can't say it.

I will lie to myself.

Only in this situation, I decided to follow his guidelines.

"I will help everyone with all my energy, so I decided, so I will say so, so it's not like I will leave anyone alone."

Maybe this guy is a sweet man.

Elma noticed.

Sweetness like of a fool, and the strength to say it straight.

And listening to his words —

I feel relieved in my heart.



The word of Merea rushed on the fluctuation by [Comforting Yurun · Eura Vocal Cords], and also reached the other demons firmly.

And they had made one determination.

The words of Merea.

[There is no one to leave alone]

The [Lord] that they delegated decision-making authority took such guidelines.

Then, what do you do with them?

They pressed the responsibility.

They hoped it unilaterally.

Those who were here cooperated and thought that it was the best for themselves as a result — they did so.

Then,

— There will be no choice but to continue.

Apparently the lord was like a sweet man.

If you have shown power that is like a devil, and say things really sweet like wanting no one to sacrifice.

Still,

— Not bad.

This is the situation. Whatever way you take, every road is definitely hard.

I would not have climbed such a mountain if I was not having any problems in the first place.

Let's move on to the path you thought was good.

What did you think about that man's words?

— Very good.

It is a good word as much as to be ashamed of the side to be helped.

Therefore,

[Help me.]

Because we also help the Lord,

[Let us help.]

— Believe that word.



Merea caught it at the edge of sight that each of the devils beat their cheeks to decide their preparedness and began to hold weapons on each one.

On the other hand, the Mousegg cavalry soldiers under the eyes are approaching tightly as if to see the reactions.

Merea who grasped the situation of the demons with a small glance at the same time while checking with a gaze,

— A little more. Give me some more time.

I thought so.

As Merea, wanted to give the demons as much grace as he could.

He thought it necessary time to decide the resolution of theirs.

Merea and Elma are likely to move soon.

That's why Merea was ahead of himself to intrude into the army of Mousegg with a

hidden technique formula.

But,

— Still a little more.

Merea waited further.

If you take out hands from here, it becomes a clear smoke wave, and the battle will spread.

It's the last opportunity to earn the time before the demons decide before they are able to see each other looking at each other.

So as long as he could, Merea waited.

Then,

“You are gentle.”

While Elma next door also kept a keen eye on the artists, she suddenly smiled a suddenly and said such a thing.

“There is not such a thing, I thought a certain bit of tough things, myself.”

“Like orders to [Prepare to fight].”

“– Such a thing.”

Elma gave a slight attention to the movements of the Mousegg militia soldiers.

After that there were no more words.

Mousegg artistic soldiers were coming soon.

Now someone can't bear this tension and take action as if it is evasive.

Now, now.

The progress of the time from there felt slowly badly.

Still, the beginning itself was funny.

Merea did not miss a couple of artists dropped towards the end of sight.

He's going to turn around.

Diagonally behind Merea, Aizu let out that in a loud voice.

Merea answers with such a small voice and reassured her.

Perhaps it is a sign of the beginning.

In conclusion, Merea finally to the next of Elma said.

“– Do not die. thanks for helping me making the tombs, I haven't said that yet.”

“Ha ha, let's return together, let me thank you for having a good time later.”

Elma said that and broke her side by Merea with her elbow.

Meanwhile Merea gave a little bit of smile with the corners of his mouth.

Then,

— It came.

From the left and right, Several Mousegg artists came round to finally trying to knit the operation ceremony.

Quiet open war.

But it was also a clear war.

“Leave the right to me.”

Elma talked briefly and her legs tilted to the right.

Meanwhile,

“Well, leave everything else to me.”

He gave such words and [clasped] his hands.

“Eh?”

In response to the words of Merea, Elma bounced her body to the right, but raised a shaky voice.

◇ ◇ ◇

Until we can decide properly.

— I will support this war situation.

Now is the power of these spirits.

It supports our beliefs — its power.

◇ ◇ ◇

“[Thunder God Celestar · Vulca’s Thunder]”

“Boom”, and the sound of clapping sounded, and at that moment an operation technique expanded from Merea’s palms.

It eventually became an event and manifested in this world.

— White Thunder.

The sound of the bolt and the fierce lightning.

It’s [loaded] into the body of Merea.

in a moment, the body of Merea like a white ghost appears to be a more cosmetic one.

Incarnation of roaring-white.

It’s a form that drifts a strange atmosphere that does not even include people in the

first place.

Such Merea takes the first step.

The afterglow of the lightning stolen in the body flutters in the space like a tail, at the next moment,

Merea · Mea's figure disappeared from the spot.

Those on the spot that they were due to the movements at super speed noticed it immediately after three Mousegg artists were blown off on the left.

Chapter 17

The way of hope

It was a line of white lightning.

Under the mountaintop of the sacred mountain where the foothold is bad. In that narrow space, the incarnation of white thunder is sewing through the gaps between people and running.

The figure is humanoid.

You can judge it's barely human-shaped, but it looks like a line because it's too fast.

The reason why it can be judged as a humanoid is that when the incarnation of white thunder attacks, movement stops only a little.

It was a stop that could not be called a gap, but thanks to that it was recognizable as a person.

“Waa--!”

The screams of the Mousegg soldiers were rising.

It is a hit by Merea, the incarnation of white thunder.

A single palm from high-speed movement.

Once he strikes he disappears again.

It was bad, it was like a ghost.

It's terrible, at the time when the palm strikes, it has enough power to sent people flying and it's difficult to grasp the appearance of the attacker,

It's too fast.

“Ku... Wa--!”

A muffled scream went up again.

they could not capture the appearance of Merea, just being insecure and suffering super speed palm strikes.

The Demon Lords are staring at this from the mountaintop.

A white light runs, people fly.

It was just that repetition.



“-- Wasn't he a Demon Lord that used artistic techniques?”

The Demon Lord that was talking with [Sword Empress] Elma before the light gun flew, was stunned as if he was stuck staring at it.

“No, that white thunder is probably due to a technique, but the skill of fighting close quarters is really impressive.”

Her eyes, with being called the close combat [Sword Empress], barely captured the movements of Merea.

There was a thought that it would have been impossible to catch the movements of Merea at close quarters.

It is only possible to see it because it's by looking down from above in the distance.

The Mousegg's artistic soldiers, barely able to do so, pulled the sword that had been sheathed and was now swinging.

Although it is not aimed at anything, if several swords are swung casually with that narrow footing, it is a threat.

However, he did not scrape Merea in any way.

In an exquisite position Merea slipped through the swords and slipped past the truth, the [Sword Empress] was chasing with her eyes like seeing even unbelievable things.

-- Wh- haha”

From the mouth of such [Sword Empress], in the next moment, laughter gets out involuntarily.

“If it's me, if it's me that is a Demon Lord, [that] is what it is. -- I got frustrated, now I have [hope].”

“I don't know how to feel, I have a similar feeling, that I felt in the bottom of my stomach.”

Red haired Liliu appeared there and was calling out to [Sword Empress]

Liliu had a bird of flame on her right shoulder, and seemed to be in a war-ready state.

“-- I climbed the sacred mountain to find [Another way] to escape or get away, I didn't think what I would find here would be the [road of hope].”

The [Sword Empress] said that while pursuing Merea's Virtuous appearance with a fragile gaze.

“His strength is hope for us, but I also feel terrible here, because the way he gives us hope is a terrible and dirty road.”

“His strength is hope for us, but I also feel terrible here, because the way he gives us hope is a terrible and dirty road.”

“-- Well, will you give it up?”

“...No, we do not have that option anymore, you see, he's trying to support the front line fight alone, I guess it's time for us to decide.”

“The sword empress is also a swordsman, I was trying to act as a decoy for the others, I was only going in a roundabout way.”

“-- Oh, so there is no choice to give up after all... I'm an [uncool Demon Lord] who has

been fleeing, but an [uncool man] who betrays those who are living for me, is something I don't want to become -- I really don't want to be, is what I thought now."

"-- so"

To the theory of the men the Sword Empress says, to the theory of the man, Lilium returned sharply without saying, she made light of a strong will sway in her eyes.

The eyes of the two face downwards at the same time.

The Mousegg artistic soldiers were trying to get an operational technique's formula to cope with Merea's unusual speed.

It's likely to avoid being individually destroyed by Merea's speed which is out of the ordinary.

It's possible to erase the blind spots like this, and at the moment of Merea's attack the Artists inside the crowd are likely to counterattack.

Mousegg is Mousegg, so they will manage somehow.

They thought so.

And when Mousegg carried countermeasures against Merea, the hearts of [Sword Empress] Elma and [Flame Empress] Lilium made a decision.

After such interaction, the two were moving.

[Sword Empress] strikes her cheeks with her open hands, and goes down the mountain.

The destination was a crowd of Mousegg's artists knitting a technique.

Lilium orders the flame bird stuck in her shoulder and attacks the Mousegg soldiers who were trying to counterattack Merea.

They decided to fight.

Not all feelings were bounded, but now on this occasion, following the man named Merea, "let's do as much as we can" they thought.

And as we follow the resolution of these two people,

"I will-- have to go too."

"Damn, what do you want? Are we not full of Demon Lords survivors?"

"Don't say that, that Merea that showed me the way of hope is bad."

"That's unreasonable."

"It's true"

"It's true"

Respectively, after the two came out, other demons started to rush down the sacred mountain with a self-fleeting and a bit bitter smile.

Starting with the pioneer Merea, following the charge of Elma the [Sword Empress], Lilium and other demons.

There was a flor towards resistance born there.



"Well, what shall we do?"

"I don't want to go out on the front lines, can't it be solved with money?"

"Do they look like those who will spare you if you offer them money, those soldiers of that Mousegg Kingdom?"

"--hmm..."

[Alchemy King] Shaw was looking at [Maid] Mariza's eyes.

The battle of the soldiers of Mousegg and other Demon Lords has begun.

"Perharps I would be killed after paying money"

“Please don't ask me if you already know the answer.”

“You can never go wrong.”

Of course, I knew.

Once you take what you need, then you will kill the Demon Lord.

The kingdom of Mousegg is a country that had done such things.

Although I don't like it at all, when considering the situation of this age that began to be swallowed by the swirls of war, it may be correct in some ways.

Anyway, I knew that I couldn't solve it with money, but I did a joke with the intention of lightening the tone of the conversation. --It didn't work at all.

“isn't it better to go behind the strong Demon Lords and take the easy way?”

“You will, I have the iron fist of the Maid.”

Mariza returned [Alchemy king] Shaw's words, which he said with a shabby smile, indifferently.

“The maid that I aim for is a perfect maid, one that is able to protect her master even on the battlefield.”

“Who... is your master?”

“The maid that I aim for is a perfect maid, one that is able to protect her master even on the battlefield.”

“Who... is your master?”

“That's Merea.”

“how did it get to that?!?”

“It's because he put his body on the line before anyone else. I think that protecting a master as [dangerous] as that will lead to an improvement on my manners as a maid, and there is no use for a master that can do anything.”

“It's a mysterious principle... But even though I do need to escort you, I don't know if I can do anything, but at least for the moment it seems to not be dangerous.”

One man to whom Shaw points to, wears white thunder and jumps the battlefield at high-speed.

Even if it's an amateur he can see that, that one person in the main fighting force on the battlefield.

Mariza gaze was accurately tracking that man.

“-- Well I think strong is good, unless you are stronger than me, than as a master you're no good.”

“You, that's different from the thing you said a while ago.”

“That's right, stronger than me during a battle, somewhat dangerous, yet is more like a wooden doll to fool around when not in combat, this is the best master.”

“That is a lot of thing for a maid to order for her master!”

“Because I'm also a [Demon Lord] , so there are a lot of things to consider in carious ways, I really was born under inconvenient blood.”

“Haa...”

Shaw sighed heavily, once he was out of words.

After that, Shaw's line of sight was directed to the battlefield.

Looking at the war situation Shaw's face had changed to a serious one compared to before.

Apparently he seemed to be analysing the situation calmly.

As if opposed to Shaw, Mariza moved her eyes to a different direction com Shaw's

Marisa saw someone murmuring “Everyone is okay, not injured. “, while tying hands like praying -- it was the [Heavenly Devil] Aizu.

Like the figure of a saint with little change in facial expressions, Mariza had wide eyes.

Mariza momentarily stood the rigidly like time stopped still, then she open her mouth

immediately.

-- In addition, I decided to balance my maid skill training by looking over her as a master too."

"Eh?"

Mariza was spinning such words while watching Aizu.

Chapter 18

The Strategy of the Alchemy King

Shaw had an extremely fed up look on his face as he said, “Nope, as expected, I’m not good with such muscles-for-brains” while looking at the Demon Lords fighting at the front lines.

Though when he heard Marisa’s queer words, he looked back at her with a shocked expression.

Wondering what she was up to, he looked over at her with a dubious gaze. The person in question, Marisa, elegantly walked over next to Aiz and crouched down on her knees, as if she were attending to her.

“Aiz-sama”

“Eh... eh?... sama?”

“That’s right. I have, just now, recognized you as my [Second Master]”

“Eh?... Ehhhh?”

Having suddenly been talked to, Aiz had an extremely frightened look on her. Next to them, Shaw dumbfoundedly said, “wow... that’s in it’s own way, quite tyrannical...”

However, Marissa ignored Shaw’s reactions and continued speaking.

“Fighting is not your strong point is it, Aiz-sama?”

“Ye, yeah, that’s right...”

“In that case, I will, of my own accord, impose the duty of safely escorting you to the base of the sacred mountain. As a capable maid... Yes, as a capable maid”

“Why did you have to say that twice? Is it that big a deal?!”

Shaw retorted to the mysterious situation unfolding in front of him.

“Uh... uhm”

“Do you not want to?”

“Ah... then... please”

Aiz was the only one who noticed that, just for an instant, Marisa had a sad look on her face. And having noticed that, Aiz unintentionally ended up nodding her head.



She had no plans of rejecting her. Aiz was aware that she lacked the strength to fight so Marisa’s offer was, in fact, an extremely helpful one.

However, she did wonder if the other Demon Lords didn’t have their hands full with their own situations but the only reason she couldn’t find an answer to that immediately was because she embraced that idea.

—Everyone is the same... they all are having a tough time.

Having thought that, she tried her hardest to blend into her surroundings and not stand out. Thinking that she would cause trouble for others by being noticed.

First, everyone should worry about surviving through the current ordeal. Only once everyone has survived would she consider asking for help.

Though her will to live was certainly real but, her expectations that, if anyone bothered with her right now, they would end up in danger was enough for her to keep her emotions and desire in check.

Aiz was drifting in between these two desires.

—I’m fine with being last.

She could not save anyone.

She did not have the power to save anyone.

Which is why, although she wants to be saved, she's fine with being last.

That is what Aiz thought.

At that point, A beauty with doll-like features, called Marisa, extended a helping hand to her.

Over and above that, she even said stuff like, "Let me save you". Her help was rather forceful too.

Though, if she was going to go that far then,

"I want to live on as well. If Marisa-san is going to lend a hand then I will take you up on that offer"

Even Aiz was not so modest as to brush off a helping hand held out to her.

When she strongly held Marisa's hand, she could feel energy returning to her. Marisa as well, gave a small smile that only Aiz could see.

"At your will. You have shown the will to live, suitable to the person I have chosen as my second master. In order for me to be successful in my dream to be a capable maid, I need Aiz-sama to live on. My [First Master] over there doesn't seem to need any help when he's fighting, so during battles, I shall work solely towards making sure that Aiz-sama is safe"

"...? I, I don't really understand but... thank you...?"

While scratching her small head like a small animal, Aiz looked at Marisa with a troubled smile and seemed to have question marks floating over her head.



"Well then, Let's first work towards getting down to the sacred mountain's base. Ah, the money-grubber over there"

The somewhat enthusiastic expression that Marissa showed in front of Aiz froze over instantly when she turned around.

“Uhh... the difference in attitude is pretty intense though...”

“Quickly come up with a plan in order to protect Aiz-sama”

“I have to do it in the end!?”

“If you’re useless, I’ll go down by myself. Though if you are useful, then I’ll make full use of you”

“You usually say stuff like that in your mind...”

“Ah, I said it out loud huh”

Any more sarcasm is probably pointless, thought Shaw.

“...Got it, got it. I seriously feel like I’ve been haunted by the Plague God or the Poverty God ever since I climbed onto Lindholm Sacred Mountain.

While you guys were wrapped in your weird mood, I spent some time thinking about various things. I’ll explain that now”

Saying so, Shaw looked at the scene unfolding below them.



“Firstly, the assassins sent by Mūzeg are probably not only the ones we see over there. Especially since Mūzeg’s army is famous for being well trained as well as large in number. Being after a Demon Lord, I really can’t believe that they only sent those few people over”

“In that case, those people there are something like scouts then?”

“Most probably. They probably sent people who could move fast in order to check up on the situation. Something like scouting through strength maybe. That being the case, if we climb down the sacred mountain, we’ll most probably come across the main army”

“In that case, it would be foolish to climb down from the east”

“Nope, in spite of that, we should climb down the east”

“...why?”

Marisa frowned. That look of dislike was apparently something she was very good at.

“Don’t you feel uneasy being chased by many different forces from all directions? If we’re going to be chased no matter which direction we go in then, we might as well go towards Mūzeg who have already noticed us.

If we look at it that way then, because of our [Lord] Mūzeg looks like a weak country but between all the countries, it is without a doubt, a country that stands in the upper echelons in terms of strength. We should have them act as the [wall] against the other countries”

“What after that? Once we get past here, the country of Mūzeg is still there, you know?”

“We have no other choice but to take detours in order to not get caught. If we head a little to the south, we’ll come across that <Kingdom of Lemuse>. In this case, we can also think about relying on that country’s history of glory”

Shaw snorted and laughed at the irony and said that.

That irony was aimed at himself for not having been able to think of anything else and the snort was aimed at the term Demon Lord that had created this kind of a situation for them.

“Rely on, well your expression looks like that’s the full extend of what you can do”

“I won’t deny that”

Shaw laughed once more.

While his eyes were serious, he shrugged in a way that showed that he was still quite optimistic.

Seeing Shaw like that, Marisa asked him some final questions.

“You’re a merchant right?”

“Yup”

“If it’s for money, then you’re utilitarian as well as rational right?”

“...yup”

“Can you bet your life for the sake of money?”

“I really do want to bet it but if I die then I would not be able to earn anymore so, I suppose my life takes precedence”

“Then lastly, did you make the decision that we would need to use the strength of the other Demon Lords in order to get through this safely?”

“Of course”

“...Very well. Then I shall believe in your rationality as a merchant. The plan that you have come up with, which requires the strength of the other Demon Lords as well, even while knowing that you’re a money-grubber, is worth having confidence in”

“A truly horrible way of saying it... well whatever”

Shaw gave a wry smile. It was a strange smile that gave a feeling of a refreshing young man as well as the cunning of a veteran merchant.

“Well then, what are your plans now?”

Marisa asked Shaw for more detailed plans.

“I’ll create a ship out of the earth here and pure gold coins”

At Shaw’s words, Marisa showed a clearly doubtful expression on her face. Her expression showed surprise at the fact that Shaw actually mentioned building a boat here, on the top of a mountain that didn’t even have a shred of moisture.

[This guy, even the inside of his head has been converted into money hasn’t it]

The concern she showed for the [insides of the head] of the money-grubber who said weird things, was conspicuously displayed on her face.

“ ... ”

Marisa then looked at that money-grubber with an intense glare full of scorn and abuse.

Her glare was so intense that it made you feel that a weak willed person may actually have their will broken if they were faced with it.

“Haa... , as expected there are some concerns... in order to expel those concerns, I'll listen to your explanation in a little more detail. Well then, go on, go on”

“I've never seen such an arrogant maid before...!”

Shaw, in his own way, seems to have gotten used to Marisa's attitude.

Chapter 19

Twins of Water & Ice

Shaw then explained his plan in detail, accompanied by a lot of body and hand movements.

“Uhm, so the details right?... we use the ship and smoothly...”

Shaw stretched his right arm diagonally and placed his left fist on it and showed a slipping movement.

At that, Marisa’s glare seemed to get even more intense and her indignation got far stronger.

“Do you seriously think that a ship can properly slide down the ragged mountain side? The friction alone would stop it from moving properly right. Are you an idiot?”

“That’s rude! Even I understand that much. However, in this case, if we have the other Demon Lords help out, it feels like we’d be able to get it done somehow. I have given it a decent amount of thought”

Suddenly, Shaw turned his gaze towards the battlefield, making Marisa do the same.

“There are two small girls over there right? Those two girls who look a lot like each other, they’re most probably twins”

“...those children...”

Marisa suddenly seemed to enter into a rather heavy silence.

“Why are such children over here...”

“They were there from the start. However, either they’re mischievous kids or they just quietly hid themselves but even during the time we were making the gravestones, they really didn’t stand out much”

At the point where Shaw was pointing, there were two small girls with long bluish silver hair. They were small girls who were far younger than even Lilium.

The very fact that they were in the battlefield made for such a surreal spectacle that it made people think, [That's a joke right?]. Even then, those two were make full use of their techniques and were able to handle Mūzeg quite well.

The techniques that those girls were using, seemed to incline towards the 'Water' and 'Ice' systems which is what Shaw had his eyes on.

"Let's get them to make the 'path' for the ship. With water and ice"

"...I see"

Using water and ice successively would definitely be able to achieve creating a route with low friction.

Marisa also seemed to be satisfied with that approach and to her, those two girl's techniques looked outstanding.

"Well then, I'll go get them right now"

"Ah, there's no need for that. From a little while back, that, <Fist Emperor> was it? He's been rather bothered by them and seems to be a rather meddlesome person. I think it's about time that he picked them up and dropped them off over here"

Shaw's expectations became reality without a moment's delay.

On the battlefield, the <Fist Emperor> seemed to be having a talk with the two girls but suddenly he seemed to reach the end of his patience and he quickly picked them up under both his arms and ran over to Marisa and Shaw.

The <Fist Emperor> ran over to Shaw, and while his breathing was rather rough, he dumped the two girls onto him.

"You! Don't you dare let these two get near the battlefield! They looked so precarious that I couldn't stand watching!"

"We can also fight!" "Also fight!"

"Shut up! We're not in that dangerous a situation to need such little girls to fight with us!"

“We’re not little girls!” “We’re young girls!”

They definitely seemed to be twins.

Their faces were like two peas in a pod and even their voices that overlapped each other sounded alike.

The <Fist Emperor> looked at the two with a troubled face and then he placed his hands on their heads and said,

“Got it! I got it! But for now, just stay here! I’ll buy you guys candy later! Okay?!”

[Does he really think such cajolery would work in this day and age...] so thought Shaw with an amazed expression but,

“Got it!” “Got it!”

It worked.

The two girls immediately stood straight and acted very well behaved while giggling.

“Oi, <Alchemy King>“

“I’m not really fond of that title so could you please call me a money-grubber instead?”

“Asking to be called that by yourself, you really do have guts huh... Well whatever, understood. Oi, money-grubber!”

“Yes, what is it?”

“Are the preparations to run away done yet? Thanks to that <Merea> and the <Sword Emperor> it looks like the battle will finish rather quickly, though, as expected, if we go any further down Mūzeg’s main force seems to be there. Facing that would definitely be touch”

“We just came up with a plan for that”

“Got it. Well then, I’ll get back then. We’ll bring the rest of it to a close so get ready as

quickly as possible please”

“Yes, yes”

The <Fist Emperor> ran back to the battlefield at full speed.

The ones left behind were, Shaw and the twins. As well as Marisa and Aiz, who was dumbfounded at the dizzying speed that the situation was developing.

Shaw immediately turned to the twins and called out to them.

“The two of you, are you good at water techniques and ice techniques?”

“Yeah!” “That’s cause we’re the children of the <Water King> and > Ice King> !”

“...I see”

[No wonder] , groaned show.

“We want to slide down the mountain side on an extremely pretty ship but since the ground is so coarse that it’s really hard to slide down. That’s why, could you use your water and ice to make it easier to slide down?”

“Sure!” “Got it!”

“In that case, i’ll go ahead and make that ship. It’s going to be really~ pretty, so make sure you properly appreciate that brilliance... After all is said and done, it’s the brilliance of money after all!”

The moment they complied, Shaw immediately moved onto taking action.

“Just in case, taking what may happen once we get down, maybe I should hold onto a few pieces of pure gold coins”

Saying that, Shaw took out a bunch of gold coins from his pocket and spread them out on the ground, near his feet.

In addition, using his finger he drew many patterns onto the ground.

“The ratio of earth should be fine with this... , as expected, if I have to make this big a

ship with just the gold coins I have on hand then I'll have to be a little unreasonable in its usage huh..."

Shaw took some time to depict his technique. However, even then, he worked as quickly as possible.

"Alright, this should do it"

Having finally completed the technique, he did some final checks.

"Now then, time to show the power of money"

After finishing everything, Shaw invoked the technique.

He placed his right hand in the center of the pattern and as soon as he did that, the patterns on the ground shone and with a rumbling sound, the ground started swelling up and [Something] started coming out.

The gold coins that were glittering inside the pattern started melting, turned muddy and finally soaked into the ground.

The ground that was swelling up seemed to have its composition change when the gold soaked into it.

While it was forming, the ship that was created barely had the shape of one.

"It's slightly poor quality huh. Honestly, being short of solid gold really is inconvenient when it comes to alchemy"

It did have some decorations that could be seen on the ship but it basically had the shape of a semi-circular pillar with a hollowed out inside, making it look like an extremely shoddy job.

"...a ship?" "...a ship?"

The twins tilted their heads to the side at the same time.

"It's a little hard to call this a ship... No matter how close to perfection I am as a maid, I'm unable to offer any follow-up"

“You’re annoying. Isn’t this fine? If we’re talking about ships then this is a ship too. With the power of money, that’s what it will be!”

“It looks like a Kamaboko^[1]!” “Kamaboko!”

The shell of that ship looked like it was made out of solid gold and, the molding aside, it definitely gave off a high-class feeling.

The shell itself seemed to be rather thick and so the strength of it didn’t seem like it’d be an issue.

“Heave-ho”

Shaw took the initiative and climbed onto the ship.

There were many things that looked like windows and seemed to be for people to slide in through them.

“Come on, get on”

“From, where...?”

“Where?” “Don’t know where the entrance to the Kamaboko is”

Aiz and the twins tilted their heads at the same time.

“Anywhere is fine right? There are many window-like places aren’t there”

“Please never become a shipwright. It will not do anyone any good, ever.”

While saying that, Marisa picked up the twins and Aiz and tossed them through the window, into the ship, with surprising agility.

“Ah, Marisa-san, please push the ship down the slope. It seems like the twins will take over after that, however, if we don’t get onto the slope then there’s really nothing further we can do”

“You want me to push this block of gold, by myself?”

“Is it impossible?”

“It’s too easy”

Saying, [I can do it] would still be fine but, [Easy] was not something Shaw expected to hear. While he was being surprised, Marisa circled around behind the ship and then,

“Woah”

“Uwaa” “Hyaa”

The next moment, a loud sound resounded and a jolt that penetrated deep into their bones went through their entire body.

In the next instant, a grating sound resounded and the golden ship slowly entered the slope with its bottom scraping on the ground.

At that time, a second impact could be felt on the ship and the ship finally started moving down the slope.

Due to the friction from the gravel, it had a hard time moving but it was definitely able to somehow climb down the slope.

Having confirmed this, Shaw immediately called out to the twins.

“Well then, please”

“Okay~!” “I’ll work hard for the candy!”

The twins cheerfully replied and immediately hung out of the window and,

“Water!” “Ice!”

Placed their hands on the ground.

Shaw struck his head out of a window and confirmed what the twins were doing.

“...Hou”

The ground that the two had placed their hands on had a large quantity of water pouring out of it and at the same time, it was freezing over.

—They're fast.

The <Water King> seems to be using her technique to bring forth the water and the <Ice King> seems to be freezing that over.

The time it took between the creation of the water and the freezing was hardly a moment, they definitely have an amazing cooperation.

The golden ship, which until that time could only move very slightly because of the friction from the gravel, suddenly accelerated when it got onto the "Waterway".

"Do you think we can make it all the way to the base of the mountain this way?"

"With 10 pieces of candy, sure!" "I'll work hard!"

"Understood, I'll splurge on it"

The twins had a light expression. They seemed to be having fun.

At the sight of that, Shaw felt a little relieved. Though he felt relieved, but on the other hand, he also felt rather pathetic as an adult to have to rely on such small children.

However, this was not the kind of situation where he could be bothered by such things.

"...Right now, we have to concentrate on running away, no matter what"

Marisa, who had used her brute strength to push the hull, jumped back into the ship.

"Aiz-sama, are you hurt anywhere? Did you have to smell the money-grubber's disgusting smell?"

Marisa immediately walked over to Aiz and asked her.

"Ah, uh, yeah, I'm, fine?"

“As expected, I’m used to this now...”

Aiz had a troubled expression, while Shaw pretended to be calm.

While that was happening, the golden ship steadily accelerated and would soon approach the battlefield below them.

“Could you two please lower the speed of the ship when we near the battlefield?”

Shaw considered the situation and then gave directions to the twins.

“Candy!” “20 pieces!”

“You increased it in one go!? Don’t tell me, it’s going to be double, every time, from now on?! That’s a horrible deal!”

Yelled Shaw at the reply from the twins but all he could do was nod while heaving a sigh.

Chapter 20

Indeed, that looked like wings

Merea, like lightning, used his speed to move around quickly and pile up damage and lead the Mūzeg Practitioners Corps to destruction.

There was no longer anyone in that place who doubted Merea's strength, or rather, they were even in awe of it.

"...what the hell is that!?"

The <Fist Emperor> who was fighting alongside Merea, suddenly noticed something. Since there were only a few practitioners of Mūzeg leftover, the <Fist Emperor> turned his gaze towards the sacred mountain of Lidholm and saw a [Golden Ship] sliding down the mountain slope.

It was an extremely bizzare golden ship that was sliding down the slope with a crunchy noise and right in front of the ship, as if to stay ahead of the ship, a path of ice kept forming. It was rather simple to guess that it was made using a technique though, he had no idea who could have actually done it...

"Is it those twins!?"

He finally noticed.

From one of the window-like places on the ship, he could see two girls with huge smiles on their faces, looking like they were having a lot of fun.

They had their hands on the ground and from those hands, he could see technique patterns being invoked and that seemed to be how they were making the path of ice.

Along with that, from another window of the golden ship, he could see a man's face as well, it was the <Alchemy King> Shaw.

Though he had told him to prepare a means to escape but he never expected it to be such a strange method.

That's a horrible plan...

“Alright~, everyone get on! —Just 3 gold coins per person!!”

“You’re going to do business in this situation!?”

That’s also a horrible way of doing things...

He’s exactly what you’d expect a money-grubber to be like.

“I’ll put it on your tab!”

“It’s too expensive!!”

“In that case, please be killed by Mūzeg’s army at the base of the mountain or by the fanatics of the various countries of Saisalis!”

“We’ll definitely get on!!”

Having heard that, the <Fist Emperor> grabbed the hands of the Demon Lords in his surroundings and started running. One of the hands he grabbed was of the <Flame Emperor> Lilium.

“Eh?! Wai, what are you doing so suddenly?!”

“You don’t want to die right?! It’s a great chance to run away from the sacred mountain, get onto that ship!”

Saying so, without waiting for a reply, he pulled the girl’s hand as well as another Demon Lord’s hand that he pulled with his other hand.

As soon as the golden ship neared the battlefield, it started slowing down. The creation of the path of ice stopped and the golden ship started giving off a grating noise when it came into contact with the gravel.

“I’m begging you, maid-san! Make sure to catch this properly!”

The <Fist Emperor> yelled that and at the same time, he threw the two people at his sides.

From another window of the golden ship, the maid was gesturing with both hands as if to say, “throw them quickly”.

During the time when they were creating those gravestones, he was well aware that the maid's power was out of this world and thinking about the time that the ship could stay in that place, he realised that they had to be quick.

Since he had carefully aimed before he threw them, the Marisa was able to catch them skillfully and she quickly pulled them into the ship.

The <Fist Emperor> was ready to be scolded by the two people who he had basically treated like objects, though he knew that that was the best way he could have handled that situation.

After that, he went around grabbing and throwing various other people, who were nearby, onto the golden ship and then finally, he himself got onto the ship.

Most of the other Demon Lords seemed to be heading towards the golden ship. As if to encourage those people, the <Fist Emperor> yelled once more.

"If you want to run away then come over here! Actually, just come over here! For one reason or the other you guys want to live, that's why you climbed the sacred mountain right?!"

As if to answer that shout, the Demon Lords running towards the golden ship, sped up.

The <Fist Emperor> then turned his gaze and called out to the white haired man, who was their savior.

"You get on as well! Merea!! You said you've never climbed down from the sacred mountain but now's the chance! Come with us!"

He said it with the most force yet. That just went to show how much he seemed to care for Merea.

Merea was abnormally strong, from the last several minutes he had understood that. It could even be said that he was forcefully made to realise that.

However, there were still too many enemies. In a little while, they would be sieged by the main force of Mūzeg's army as well as the other countries that were chasing after the rest of the Demon Lords.

As if being pulled by fate, the various Demon Lords all came from different directions and they all climbed the sacred mountain. But, due to that, that place was now surrounded by various forces.

There was no proof yet, that Merea was actually a Demon Lord, however there was the situation with the Funas (Future Stone) as well.

Above all,

—With that much strength, those countries would never leave him alone.

Whether it's the Country of Mūzeg or the countries of Saisalis.

Since they all have the desire to seize power and abuse it, they were chasing after Demon Lords.

So they definitely wouldn't leave him be.

After they get away from the sacred mountain, it's fine even if he doesn't stay with them but for the time being, he really wanted to save Merea.

Which is why, the <Fist Emperor> kept calling out to him, no matter how many times.

“Come with us!! Get on the ship!!”

The Demon Lords kept jumping onto the <Alchemy King> Shaw's golden ship, one after the other.

The only ones left over were the ones fighting at the frontlines, Merea and next to him, the <Sword Emperor> Elma.

However, suddenly, the <Fist Emperor> heard an unpleasant voice. The voice sounded from the opposite direction to where Merea and Elma were.

It was exactly diagonally behind the ship.

“There they are!! After them!!”

That was the voice he heard.

—They're close...!

And the voices that replied to that,

—Crap! They're too many!

Having such thoughts, the <Fist Emperor> quickly went to another window and looked out.

“...Damn it!”

Black armour, black armour, black armour.

It was the black of the military color of Mūzeg's army.

They could see that it was the infantry division of Mūzeg's army, which was wrapped in that unpleasant black that made it seem like it would attract blood.

Just one look was enough to tell that, unlike the practitioner corps from a while back, the number of soldiers were way too many.

“Twins! Accelerate now! Immediately!!”

The <Fist Emperor> smacked his fist against the edge of the window and with impatience ordered the twins.

Two soldiers had broken off from the army were trying to approach the golden ship at a great speed.

The <Fist Emperor> reflexively blew those soldiers away but they were immediately replaced by more soldiers.

They couldn't afford to decelerate anymore. These weren't enemies who they could win against.

—We have to get out of here in one spurt.

The other Demon Lords started to intercept the soldiers who were getting close to the ship. The <Fist Emperor> left the soldiers to the other Demon Lords and immediately went back to the side where Merea and Elma were fighting.

Merea and Elma had just finished beating up the last soldier on their said.

—Make it in time!

The golden ship was steadily accelerating.

If it went any faster than this, then no matter even if he showed the speed of lightning, Merea may not be able to catch up to the ship.

It was, after all, a descent with no proper path leading down.

Compared to the ship which was able to slide down easily, at a great speed, it was near impossible to run down the slope since there were no decent footholds.

While he was thinking that, Merea turned around. His red pupils look right at him.

“Come on!!”

He yelled out one last time.

—He noticed.

Merea moved.

He turned around one last time, made sure that none of the soldiers of the practitioner corps were there and then quickly grabbed onto the hand of the <Sword Emperor> Elma, wrapped the white lightning around themselves and ran towards the golden ship at full speed.

“Uwaa”

Elma’s surprised voice could be faintly heard.

The golden ship started inclining greatly as it sped up suddenly. The golden ship slipped down the path of ice.

Merea ran at a frightening speed and reached next to the speeding golden ship and while running, he held Elma up.

The <Fist Emperor> quickly grabbed hold of her and pulled her onto the ship.

Next he,

“Hold out your hand!”

Merea raised his hand.

The golden ship was sliding down at a strange speed.

While Merea was running parallel to the ship, it was rather risky.

“!! Oi!!”

Merea ended up tripping on something.

There was a good reason to it, they were descending on a strange slope.

Over and above that, he had wrapped himself in lightning and was using that to speed up.

The very fact that he managed to get that far, climbing down the mountain while holding onto Elma was in itself quite a miracle.

In that moment, the <Fist Emperor> thought that moment as the single biggest blunder that happened during this escape.



The ship was accelerating.

Merea had stalled.

It was hard to think that he'd be able to make it now.

The <Fist Emperor> was worried about Merea like he would about himself and ended up feeling extremely impatient. Because of that, the situation in front of him seemed like it was developing at an annoyingly slow speed.

It really was an irritating slow motion.

While falling forward, Merea fixed his posture with an amazing speed and ability.

Though, because of the sharp slope of the mountain side along with the way he fell forward, it looked like he had fallen down flat.

The right leg Merea used to fix his posture, left a crater on the ground.

A mysterious leg strength.

An enormous stepping power.

Over and above that he started speeding up again, however,

—He's getting farther away.

Merea's figure was getting smaller.

Slowly, gradually, steadily.

Stalling for that one moment had opened up a huge gap between them.

The <Fist Emperor> , while feeling impatient, turned towards the twins.

“Oi! Can you slow down?!”

“Ca, can’t do it!” “The slope is too steep!”

Like the twins said, the golden ship seemed like it would keep moving even if they stopped making the path of ice. That was how steep the slope was.

Coupled with the speed it had already picked up because of the path of ice, this was no longer a situation where it would come to a stop just because they stopped creating ice.

The <Fist Emperor> felt a twinge of despair and once again turned towards Merea. As soon as he did that, he had a strange feeling when he looked at the faraway figure of Merea.

“What is that...?”

Though his figure looked small but on his back, it felt like he could see huge white wings growing.

It looked as if the wind was surging around him and gave him a very marvelous appearance but those definitely looked like wings.

Chapter 21

The Demon Lord with the Title of [God]

“ <Six Wings of the Wind God (Van Ester)> ”

The words Merea spoke couldn't possibly be heard by anyone. They just mixed into the wind and disappeared.



A windstorm was raging on Merea's back. It was a wind that was slightly whitish.

That raging white wind slowly settled on Merea's back.

The wind gathered onto his back as if it was, in itself, alive and was intently trying to settle on his back. As it settled on his back, the wind then took on the shape of <Six Wings>.

A torrent of mana could also be felt and the wind quickly took on its desired shape.

At last, the wind transformed such that, anyone looking at it would be able to tell that those are wings.



—White... wings of wind.

The <Fist Emperor> was unexpectedly fascinated by that sight.

The enormous wings that were created on Merea's back caused the snow, piled up on the ground, to get rolled up in the wind and wrap around his body.

From deep within his wings, a light could be seen shining through. A sparkling light that looked like diamond dust.

The moment Merea's wings of wind were completed, his body accelerated even further.

White lightning and wings of white wind.

Thunderclap and a gale.

With both of those wrapped around himself, the man with the white hair, was as if the incarnation of the rage of Mother Nature itself.

“Oi, oi, he’s planning on accelerating even further...?”

The <Fist Emperor> had an overawed smile on his face when he looked at the man who was an object of awe for him.

Though his voice sounded like he was ready to give up, deep in his heart he also had a feverish feeling well up.

The six wings, rather than being used for flight, seemed to be more for propulsion instead.

Instead of flapping, it seemed like the wings of wind gave an explosive propulsion to Merea’s body.

His figure suddenly looked very blurry and Merea quickly caught up to the golden ship. The slow motion that the <Fist Emperor> was experiencing stopped as soon as that happened.

“Grab on!!”

The <Fist Emperor> held out his hand, soon after he could feel that Merea had grabbed hold.

“Oraa!”

At long last, the <Fist Emperor> finally pulled Merea up onto the ship.

The aftermath of the six wings of wind that Merea had wrapped around himself raged around inside the ship.

“Uwaaa! The wind got in my eyes! My eyes!!!”

“Kyaa! Hey!! My hair became all disheveled now!!”

“Calm down now, let’s first be glad that everyone is safe”

The Demon Lords on the ship were thrown into complete chaos and ended up being rather noisy.

The golden ship had already reached a speed that was quite hard to describe.

The Mūzeg's soldiers who were chasing after them from behind Merea were completely left behind.

Even still, the twins laughed happily while continuing to create the path of ice.

They accelerated even further.

Though they could hear the sounds of the mountain slope scraping against the bottom of the ship, however, the ship, in itself, was rather sturdy.

"The power of money is great!" or so the <Alchemy King> said but the <Fist Emperor> ignore him.

"Oi, you okay?"

The <Fist Emperor> asked Merea, who he had just pulled onto the ship.

Merea rolled all the way to the end of the ship and over and above that, due to the shaking of the ship, he banged his head against the side of the hull twice or thrice.

"Ouchh...!"

Seeing him hold onto his head, looking in pain, he seemed to have a normal human's sense of pain.

Having been shown such a monstrous combat ability, it made him seem quite far from being a normal human being but somehow that wasn't the case.

Finally, Merea fixed his posture and while rubbing his head, he raised his hand towards the <Fist Emperor> as if to say that he was okay.

His face has a smile that could be both taken as a bitter smile as well as self-mockery.

"You saved me. I ended up tripping at the most crucial moment"

"You seriously scared me. Seriously sent chills down my spine. Or more like, if you had something like that then use it from the beginning"

"It would have been impossible to use it in that narrow a place. Over and above that, after seeing that many soldiers, I ended up wanting to save up on my mana since we have no idea what we would face when we get down from the mountain"

"Ahh... , yeah that's true too. Somehow you were a little too [that] so I kinda ended up forgetting such obvious things... Mana huh. Since you depend on internal mana, you need to worry about running out as well huh"

Normally, he would have thought of those things himself but in this case, until he was called out on it, he had completely forgotten about it.

As soon as he realised that fact, he noticed that he still hadn't returned from his excitement over the battle.

He couldn't speak what was on his mind clearly so he let it slide and while he was enduring the shaking of the ship, Merea asked him a question.

"Uhm, I still haven't asked you what your name is have I?"

"Hm?... Oh. I'm the Demon Lord who succeeded the series of <Fist Emperor>. My name is Salman"

With a, "Ah, I still haven't told you my name huh" sort of look on his face, the <Fist Emperor> replied.

Hearing his name, Merea said,

"Salman huh. That's a cool name. I'm..."

"Merea right? I remember it"

Before he could complete his sentence, <Fist Emperor> Salman said. While feeling rather embarrassed, Merea lowered his head.

"...Is that so? Thanks for pulling me up onto the ship, Salman"

"No problem!"

While replying, Salman opened up his hand and faced it towards Merea.

He held it up near his face and had a posture that seemed to be waiting for something.

At first, Merea had no idea what he was supposed to do but then when a little time went by, he slowly understood and with a happy smile he clapped his hand against Salman's.

A sharp sound resounded throughout the ship. Despite the grating sound of the golden ship moving down the slope, that noise was still heard very clearly.

The other Demon Lords inside the ship all turned their heads towards Merea and Salman and their expressions changed to that of relief.

It was a sense of relief because all 22 of them had safely made it through that ordeal.

Suddenly, one of them crawled forward, as if trying to endure the shaking of the ship and spoke up.

“In such times, men really are convenient huh. They just seem to become friends based on the mood alone”

It was the <Flame Empress> Liliu.

Seeing the figure of the two giving each other a high five, Liliu, who had an extremely disheveled appearance, said so with a slightly envious expression.

“You look like a red hairy monster you know”

“That’s true huh”

“...Hah?”

“Hiii”

Having suddenly realised that he was the reason for the disheveled appearance of Liliu, Merea gave a short scream looking at her dreadfulness.

“...Well whatever, I ended up being saved by you and it’s not like we’re completely out of the woods yet so I’ll pursue this later”

“So, in the end, you’re going to pursue this after all huh?”

“Of course, a woman’s hair is like her life after all”

“Whatever but the power of money isn’t enough!!!! More!! Give me more sparkling money!!!”

The excited screams of the <Alchemy King> Shaw resounded throughout the golden ship and erased everything that had just happened.



—I’m going to... go to the outside world for the first time huh.

Everyone immediately started worrying about the shaking of the golden ship.

Even though it was a rather mysterious situation of sliding down a mountain in a ship, not a single one of them let their guards down.

During that time, Merea was thinking about various things.

—I really didn't think that it would end up in that kind of a situation though.

The beginning was combat, which he couldn't really accept. Though, due to that, he was able to make up his mind.

For one last time, Merea stuck his head out of the window and looked at the, barely visible, mountain top of Lidholm sacred mountain.

A raging wind was overlapping and it covered the mountain top in a hazy white mist. However, Merea felt like he could see the shadowy figures of a hundred people standing there.

They were definitely an illusion.

Though those illusions seemed to be waving their hands to him.

—Yeah.

He ended up believing that illusion in the end.

This place was Lidholm sacred mountain.

A strange place where even dead people could do something or the other.

Just waving their hands at someone who was climbing down is hardly a hurdle for them.

—Goodbye, everyone. I'll be back.

Merea faced towards the sky with a sentimental expression on his face, however, most of the other Demon Lords had already noticed it.

They already knew that, for Merea, this place was his home.

At first, they couldn't believe it but, now that they saw how Merea was, they were finally able to believe it.

Also, those graves on the mountain top, probably mean a lot to him. The reaction he had when the <White Light Cannon> of Mūzeg shaved off some parts of the graves just served as confirmation.

Even then, Merea didn't say anything so the others were left to guess what was going on in his head but decided to not say anything.

However, just a for a short while, they decided to stay as silent as possible. As much as possible they wanted his sentiments to soften.

While praying that, they all quietly stayed in the golden ship.



The hundred heroic spirits who were stranded in this world because of their regrets. The man who was raised by those hundred spirits, Merea Mea. The man who should have become a hero, on that day, left on a trip with people who were known as Demon Lords.

Having been raised by those hundred heroic spirits, Merea Mea was, because of the situation on Lidholm sacred mountain, was recognized as a Demon Lord by Mūzeg. When someone is recognized as a Demon Lord, in order to differentiate between the abilities of the other Demon Lords, they are assigned a series. Due to the distinction between Demon Lords, as well as the fact that it could show what type they were or what their speciality was, this kind of title system was used.

Merea Mea, on that day, was giving the title of <Demon God> and <White God>.

It was quite rare for one Demon Lord to get two titles. There were more rare points as well.

For the titles of Demon Lords, there were, while ambiguous, ranking in terms of strength.

<Demon> , <King> , <Emperor> and <God>.

The highest rank is <God> while lowest rank is <Demon>.

Unless it's a talk from the old age, there are hardly any who hold the title of <God>. That said, in the current age, when new Demon Lords are recognized and titles attached, there are hardly any who receive the title of <God>.

That was because Demon Lords had stopped showing their power.

In the current world, Demon Lords were the ones being hunted. Though it is the ranking based on strength but for the side which is hunting, it is also an indicator of the danger they would face. Having someone with the title of <God> was more or less unheard of nowadays.

However, in such an age, Merea was unusually assigned the title of <God>.

That was mainly done based on the opinions of the ones who had actually fought against Merea, the Practitioner Corps of the Mūzeg army.

The entire corps unanimously applied for Merea to have the <God> title.

That was how badly it had impacted them.

More than anything else, what impacted them the most was the fact that, the technique that required many of them to invoke it together, was traced in an instant and a reverse technique was immediately used, all by one, single person.

Added to that, when they thought that he was a practitioner, he turned out to be extremely strong at close quarters combat as well.

Technique offset using a reverse technique was said to be the forte of the, former hero, <Technique God Flander Crow>.

As someone who did something similar to that <Technique God> , he did not seem to be inferior to the <Technique God> in the old stories. However, unlike the <Technique God> , this man was also strong in close combat.

Since the titles showed the battle systems they followed or their specialities, using <Technique God> or <War God> seemed insufficient.

At first, they were at a loss on what to do.

The result,

With the meaning of being the embodiment of strength in all aspects, he was given the title of <Demon God>.

Also, the white lightning that he used as well as the white wings of wind he created. Not to mention, the fact that his hair was snow white.

His otherworldly looks were, in a sense, his greatest characteristics.

Based on all of that, a part of the people started referring to him as, <White God>.



As such, Merea was officially called a Demon Lord by Mūzeg.



In time, he would surpass the title system and be called by the unique name of <Lord of a Hundred Demons>.

The “Life as a Demon Lord” of such a man was just beginning.

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